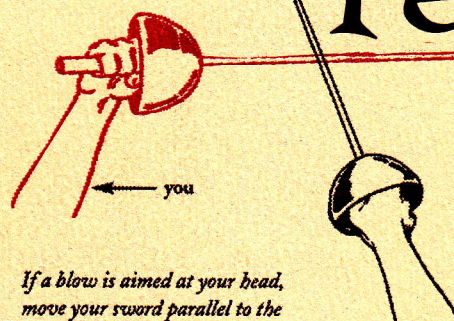


## How to Deflect a Blow



*If a blow is aimed at your head, move your sword parallel to the ground and above you.*

# Fencing

Fencing?! Fencing? What is fencing? A sport or an art; or both at the same time? A long time ago, the French poet Moliere wrote "Fencing is the art where you have to thrust the opponent without being thrusten." So, if we are taking that as a fact, we can see that fencing is not just a sport, but an art as well. That's why our camp has taken up this activity and added it to our sports program.

Nowadays, fencing is a popular sport which has gone through a lot of changes. The weapons, the uniform, the moves, as well as the techniques and the tactics, have evolved. At one time, the duel was a way of life. These days, fencing is a very fashionable and dynamic sport.

Here at Buck's Rock, fencing has become a big success and gives a real sense of achievement to those who answer its challenge. Of course the softball league collected a lot of campers and staff (including me), but fencing and martial arts classes were just a little behind that sport in popularity.

In the fencing classes, we had a very serious work-out but mixed it up with some Hacky Sack or basketball just for fun. If you ask the campers, the most interesting parts were the bouts. They allowed them to put into practice what they had learned. The only inconvenient thing was that after a bout there can be only one winner! But here all the bouts had two winners, because both participants were fighting for victory and both participants achieved their final goal of a fair fight.

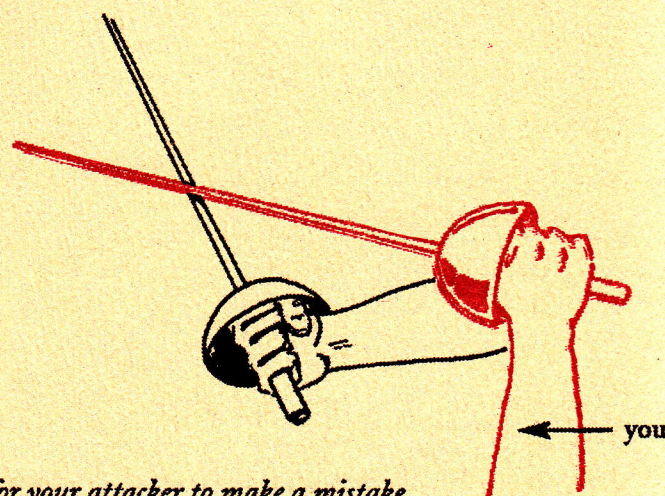
I hope our sport will have a great future at this camp, where fencing is treated like the valuable art it is.

Finally, I want to mention a few "artists" with whom I spent a great deal of time with...

First the girls: Leah from L.A., Sam, Lily, Tiffany and the CIT girls Lauren and Natalie; and the boys: #1 Josh (with his Ohio style salutel), Alex from Arizonal, Daniel, Mike, Eugene, Travis (good job buddy!), Greg and Mat, as well as Jona (CIT) and many others! I hope you had as much fun as I. You are all cool guys!!

Thanx - Peter

## How to Attack



*Wait for your attacker to make a mistake. Deflecting a blow to the side will throw your opponent off balance.*



Many have attempted to follow the martial art path of fulfillment, but only those brave souls from Buck's Rock now truly understand the power of 'Ki' energy, better known as... The Force!

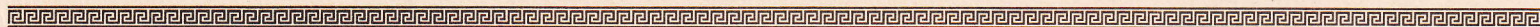
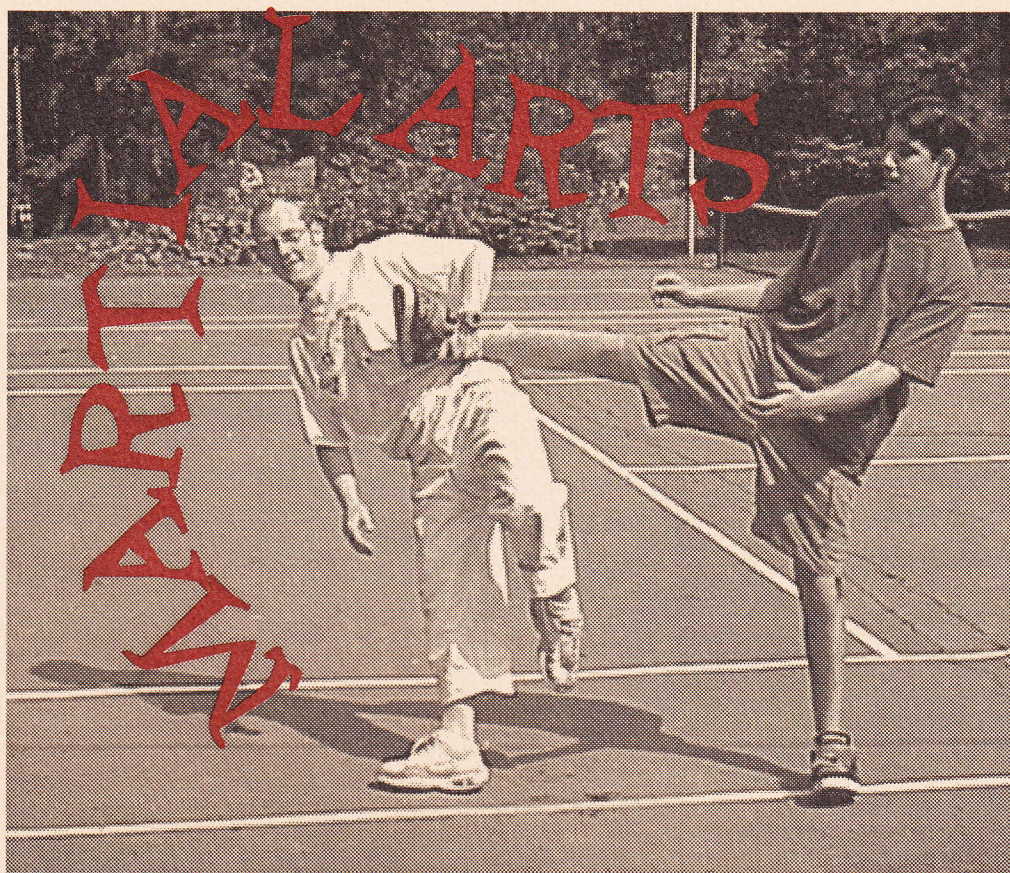
Almost all martial arts teach people about using that power which resides inside us all—the powers of confidence, humility, and control.

JU JITSU techniques are varied in the ways that they can be applied. Factors such as size, strength, and power are not important; it is technique and timing that count. In JU JITSU, you will see techniques that have been used to create other martial arts such as Karate, Judo, Aikido, and Shoot fighting. JU JITSU is the mother art of all Japanese fighting systems. One particular part of JU JITSU the campers have excelled at is Ground Work, the ability to grapple with your opponent on the mat.

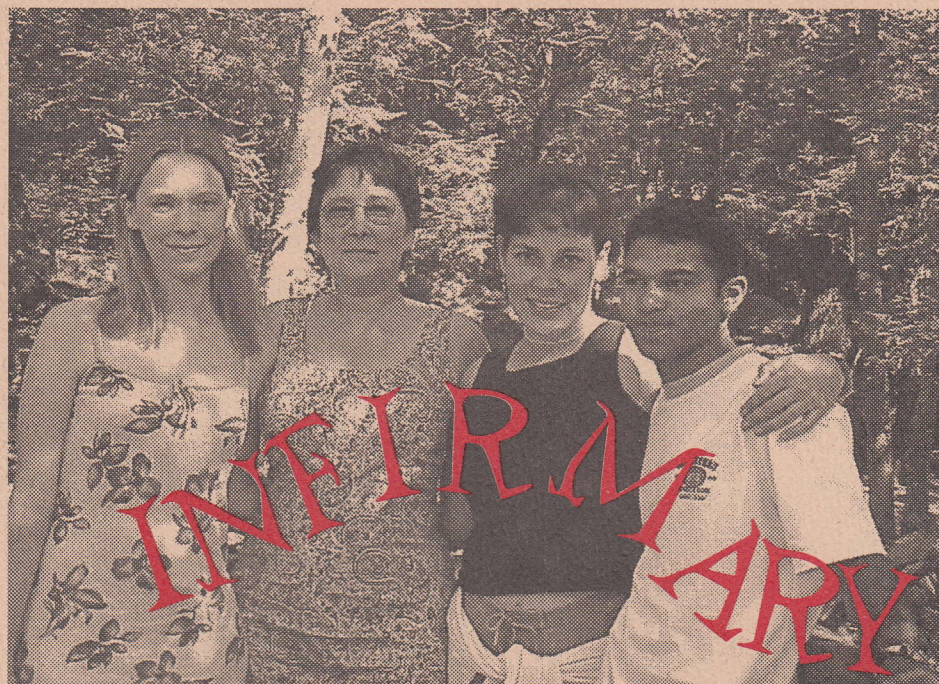
JU JITSU has been complemented by CAPOERIA training this summer at Buck's Rock. CAPOERIA originates from a Brazilian/African background, relying on very effective kicking techniques that emanate from a constantly moving stance. This stance, which closely resembles a tribal dance, is called 'the Jenga'. CAPOERIA students use various acrobatic movements such as cart-wheels and springs to outmaneuver their opponents and to evade being hit.

CAPOERIA would not of been possible without the guidance and expertise of Jose Monterio, who has taken time out of his busy schedule to be a 'guest instructor' on numerous occasions.

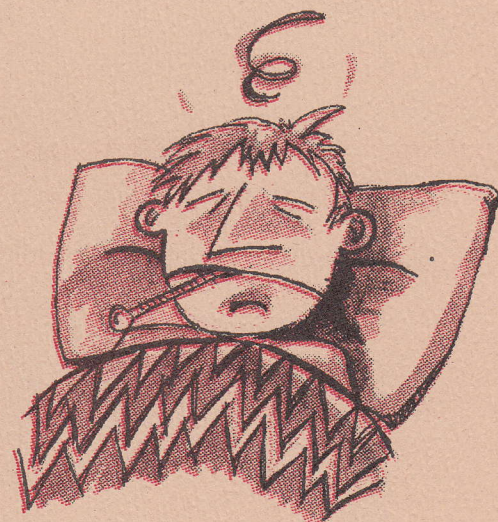
Congratulations to everyone who participated in the Martial Arts program this summer, they have shown a true understanding and grasp of all Martial Arts skills !!!



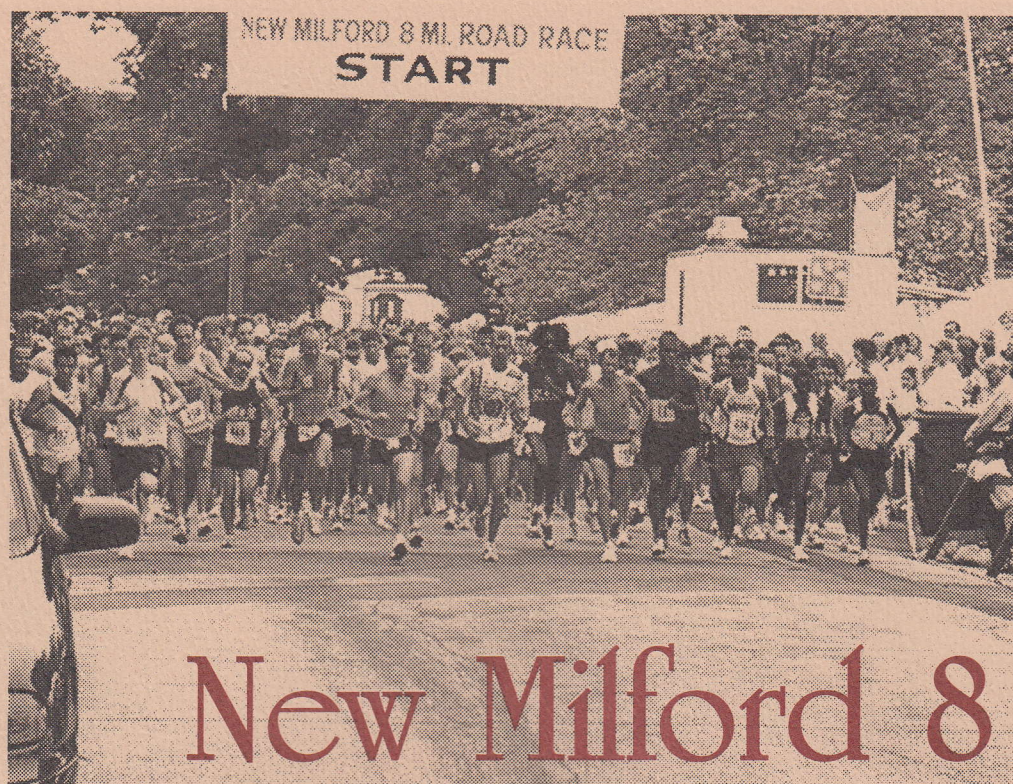




Roses are red,  
Violets get sick too,  
Whatever your ailment is,  
Buck's Rock nurses are here for you.  
Infirmary 2000

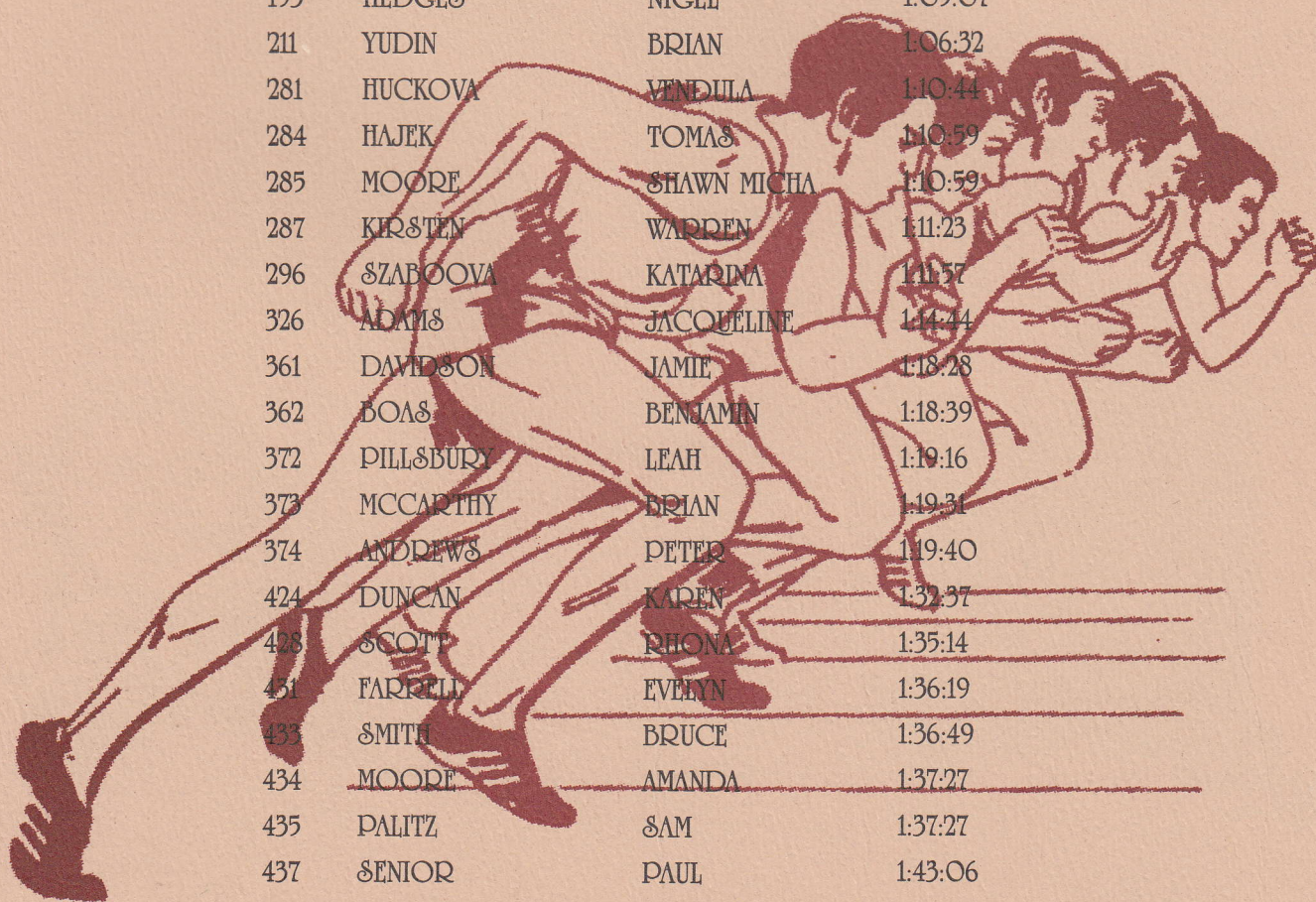




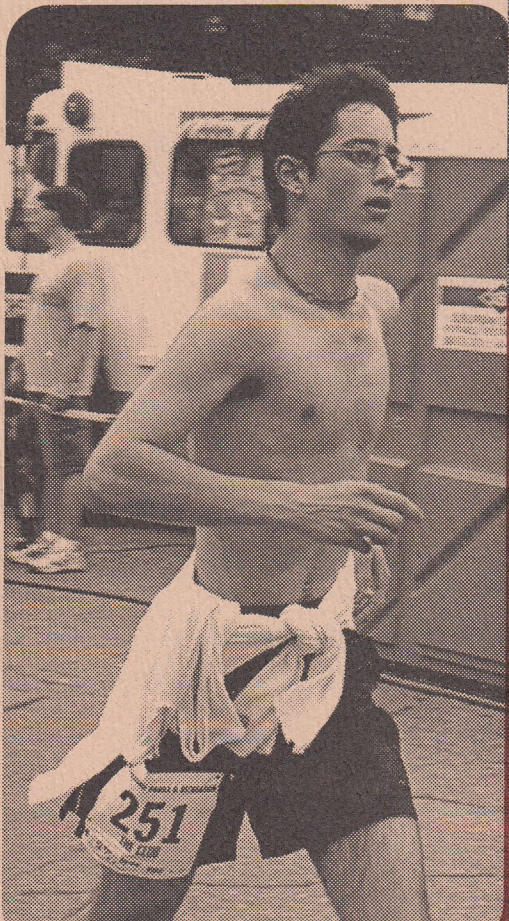
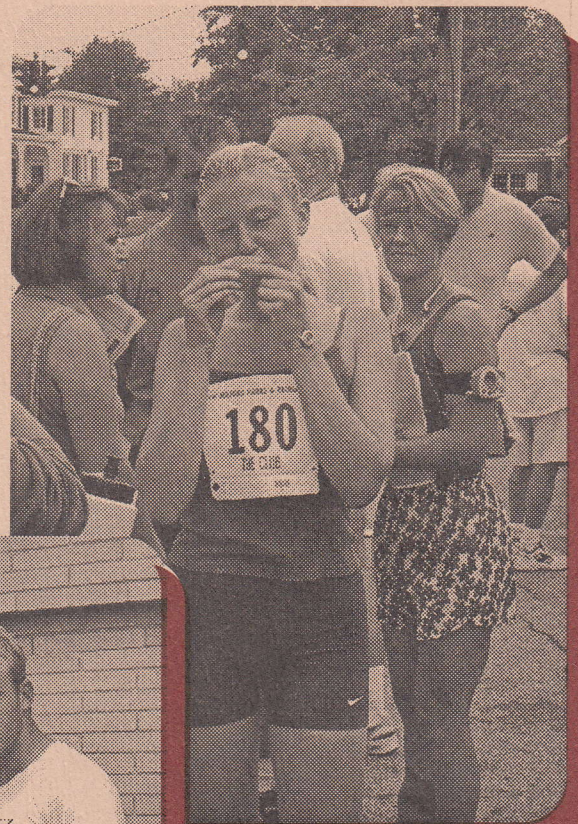
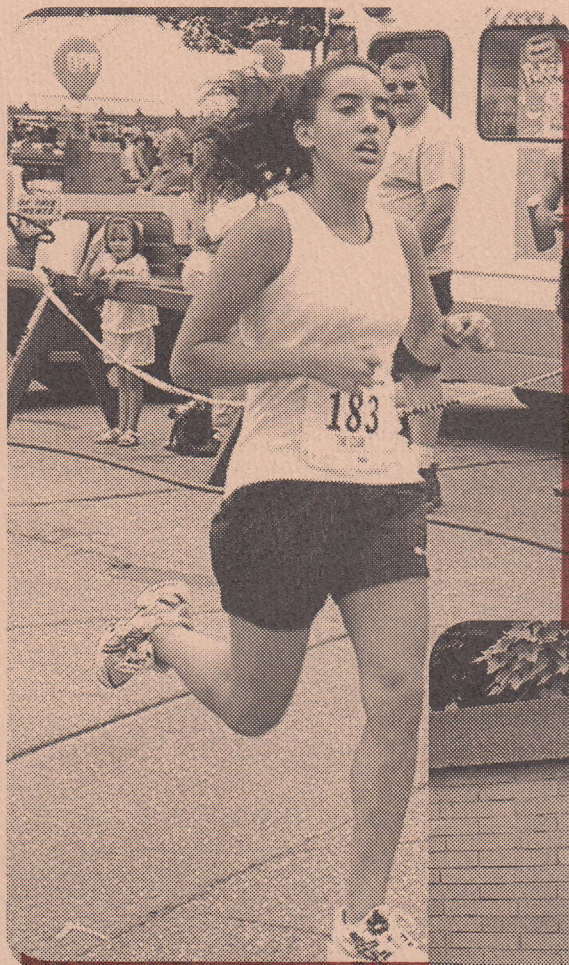


## THE TIMES...

23	SCHANDLE,	BOB	49:13
140	MAH	AFSOR	1:01:08
193	HEDGES	NIGEL	1:05:07
211	YUDIN	BRIAN	1:06:32
281	HUCKOVA	VENDULA	1:10:44
284	HAJEK	TOMAS	1:10:59
285	MOORE	SHAWN MICHA	1:10:59
287	KIRSTEN	WARDEN	1:11:23
296	SZABOOVA	KATARINA	1:11:57
326	ADAMS	JACQUELINE	1:14:44
361	DAVIDSON	JAMIE	1:18:28
362	BOAS	BENJAMIN	1:18:39
372	PILLSBURY	LEAH	1:19:16
373	MCCARTHY	BRIAN	1:19:31
374	ANDREWS	PETER	1:19:40
424	DUNCAN	KAREN	1:32:37
428	SCOTT	RHONA	1:35:14
451	FARRELL	EVELYN	1:36:19
433	SMITH	BRUCE	1:36:49
434	MOORE	AMANDA	1:37:27
435	PALITZ	SAM	1:37:27
437	SENIOR	PAUL	1:43:06
438	LETHEREN	EMMA	1:43:07









# An Office Ditty

"I have a question,  
A camper will say.  
"I need a new name tag;  
Can I get one today?"

"I have a question-  
Can I ring the gong?  
Will it hurt if I do it?  
If so, for how long?"

"I have a question-  
Can I walk the dog?  
If I feel like running,  
do you think she will jog?"

"I have a question-  
Can I get a phone card?  
Do you think you could dial it?  
The numbers are hard."

"I have a question-  
I've lost a sock that is pink.  
If I add red dye to a white one  
Is it okay, do you think?"

"I have a question-  
Can I borrow a pen?  
I PROMISE I'll bring it  
Back here again! "(Yeah, right.)

"I have a question-  
I need to see Mickey.  
I've a mark on my neck,  
Do you think it's a hickey?!"

"I have a question,"  
A counselor will say.  
"I need to phone England,  
Will Mickey pay?"

"I have a question-  
I need a camp car.  
Can I drive to the kitchen,  
As walking's too far?"

"I have a question-  
I need a stamp for a letter.  
If I put three on it  
Will it get there better?"

"I have a question-  
If parents are cool  
And we dress up as campers,  
Can we use the pool?"

WE have a question:  
Will camp fall apart  
If the office was closed?  
You bet- it wouldn't even start!

So if you have a question  
Come see the office mob.  
That's Bev, Harriet, Anita,  
Heather, Rita, Don, and Rob.



Staff: Bev Canepari, Anita Dupree, Heather Glencross, Rob Kuropatwa, Don Pudell,





PIONEERING 2000...HIKING...SPLEATNKING...CAMPING

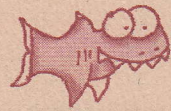
NURTURE NATURE...HUG TREES...BE A WILDFLOWER...WALK TINY...

WHATUNGARONGARO, HE TANGATA TOITU, HE WHENUA...  
MAN DISAPPEARS, BUT THE LAND REMAINS...

CATHERINE NOBLE  
PIONEERING



# MARCO! POLO! MARCO! POLO!

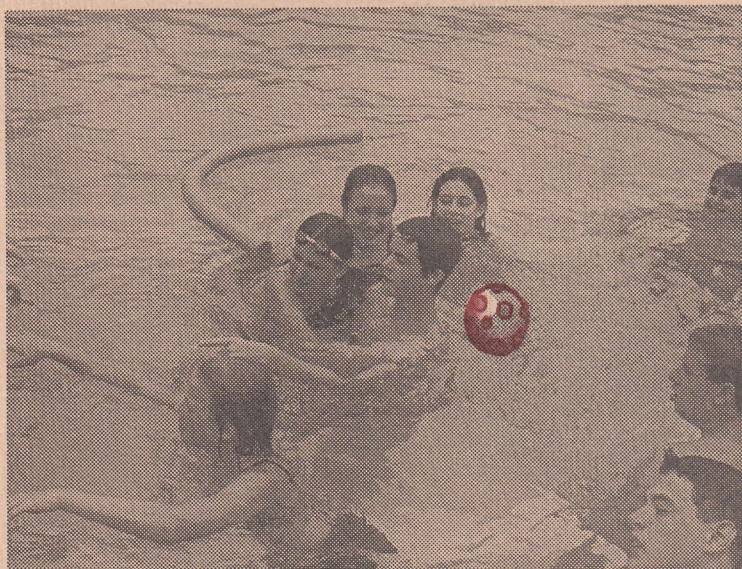
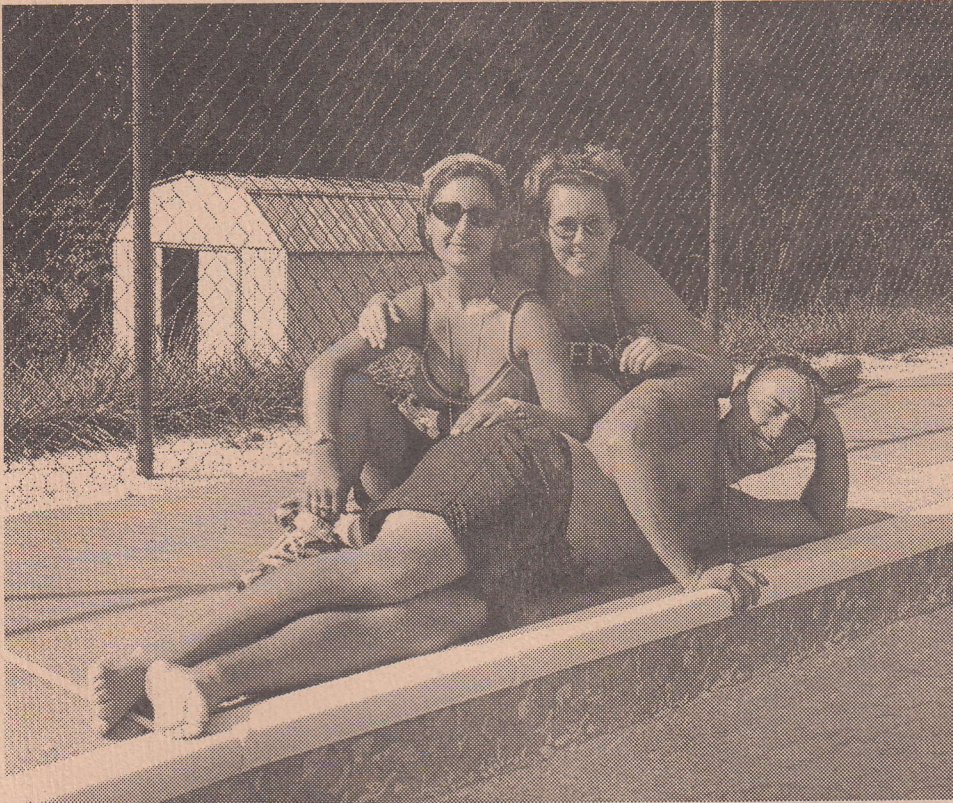


## LET'S "CHICKEN FIGHT"

### LET'S PLAY "CATEGORIES"

These are the sounds that invade the quiet sunny afternoon at the pool, as 40 screaming adolescents swarm to the cool waters of the Buck's Rock swimming arena.

But no fear ... Three well-muscled, Australian lifeguards keep everything under control so everyone will live to see another summer and enjoy the pool forever more.



Starring The Following Staff: Travis McKnight, Ann Sammut, Fairlie Taylor



# Watermelon League Softball...

Buck's Rock softball is a truly unique experience. The main focus of each game is fun, but there still remains a healthy air of competition on the field. Each team tries its hardest to win, but the losing team never walks off of the field with a bitter taste in its mouth. Although the league is not nearly as competitive as most other organized baseball or softball leagues, there are still playoffs toward the end of each session. Because there are 4-6 teams, every team makes the playoffs. The 1st place team then plays the team ranked last, the second-place team plays the second to last team, and the winners of each game go on to play each other. In the first session, there were 5 teams: Godd Roll, led by Ivan Rubenstein-Gillis, Slay, led by Steve Dicke, A Wee Drop, with Jason Zimbler at the helm, Linger Age, with Bob Schandle in command, and Tripes, with Jeff Greenberg calling the shots.

Tripes and A Wee Drop played a preliminary game to determine who Slay would face because there were an odd number of teams. In the next round, Godd Roll faced Linger Age, and Slay faced Tripes. Then Slay and Godd Roll, the victors, went on to play the championship game.

I was fortunate enough to be on one of the teams that played in the final round, Slay. Our team won the coin toss and chose to take the field first. The top of Godd Roll's order was killer. Between their strong offense and the fact that our infield hadn't really warmed up yet, Godd Roll put up 5 runs before we got the third out. When we got up to bat, we were expecting to do an equal amount of damage. We had strong hitters, but Godd Roll's defense was a net, preventing runs from being scored. The second inning was dreary, as Godd Roll put up another run, while we remained scoreless. To fit the mood, dark clouds were gathering over the field, which dampened our spirits even more. The third inning went quickly, with both teams at the weakest parts of their batting order. Each team put away the first 3 batters with little excitement. This was the lowest point in the game for our team, and our spirits were low. I tried to cheer people up, as we were only down 6 runs. I think it worked. In the 4th inning, our team threw out the first 3 batters again, and then went to work at the plate, scoring 5 runs and batting through almost the entire order. We traded runs for 2 innings, and Godd Roll ended up with a monster 12 runs. In the bottom of the 7th inning, we were down by 6 runs. We managed to cut their lead to 1 with multiple acts of beautiful hitting, including a bases-loaded triple. The rally wasn't enough, however, and the game ended with a tag at 3rd base.

Final score- Godd Roll -12, Slay - 11.

---

Coaches : Steve Dicke, Ivan Rubenstein-Gillis, Jason Zimbler, Bob Schandle.



At tennis this summer, we have had heaps of fun,  
we have trained and practiced really hard,  
and enjoyed a bit of relaxing in the sun.

On days that it rained, the courts were squidgy and wet,  
as soon as it cleared, we would be back out there,  
having a hit over the low slung net.

Although tennis was not as popular as shops like glass  
blowing, we still had our regular string of campers coming  
and going.

There were definitely some campers with star quality,  
who were talented, special and oozed frivolity.

First there was Geoff who came to practice his swing,  
but decided that doing Britany Spears impersonations  
was more his thing.

Then there was Laurel, who had never played before;  
soon she became a star, and was always wanting more.

Robin came for a couple of sessions,  
after that he decided he didn't need any more lessons.

Tobias and Caleb were such talented players they almost  
made the tennis coach cry and she nearly gave up her  
day job and was going to say goodbye.

Ritchie was the youngest member of our crew.  
He could be even better, if only he grew.

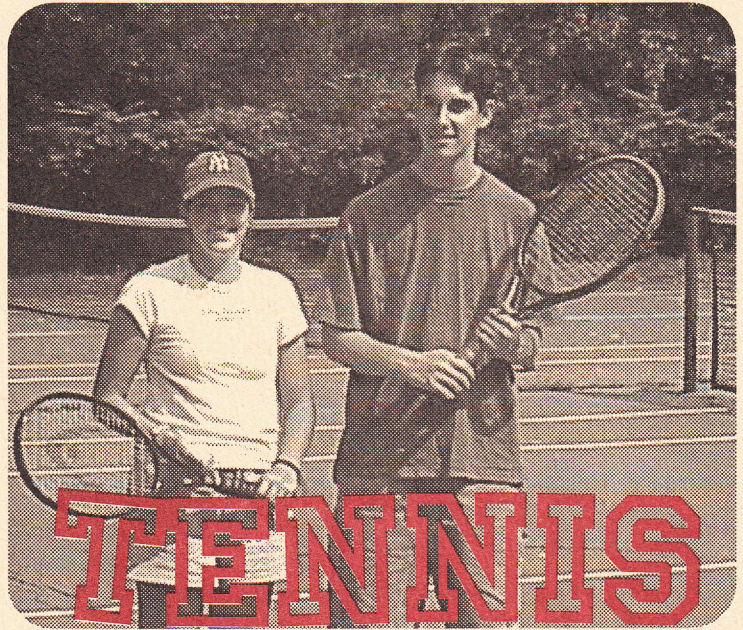
Mollie and Alix came for a session under the lights.  
They really liked tennis, especially at night.

Alex is a great tennis player and so strong.  
He never misses a hit, he can never go wrong.

Paul and Sophia came and promised to return.  
They are already so good, so there is not much they  
need to learn.

Samantha came to play tennis but thinks squash is better,  
even though she came when the weather was wetter.

Nell and Michelle always played together alone.  
There were quite good, and did it on their own.



Beccie worked on her serve every day. Soon she  
will be competing in the Tennis Open in the USA.

Ruby came and did her stuff. She was a really strong  
player and soon had had enough.

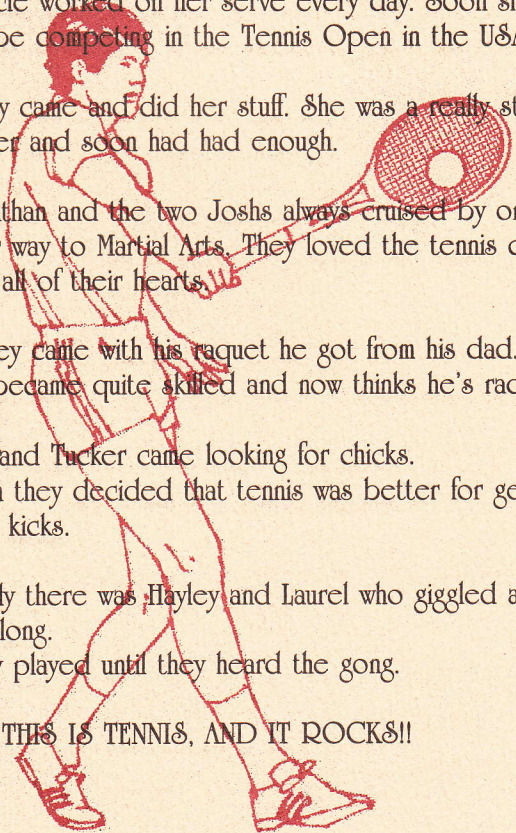
Jonathan and the two Joshs always cruised by on  
their way to Martial Arts. They loved the tennis coach  
with all of their hearts.

Corey came with his racket he got from his dad.  
He became quite skilled and now thinks he's rad.

Mat and Tucker came looking for chicks.  
Then they decided that tennis was better for getting  
your kicks.

Finally there was Hayley and Laurel who giggled all  
day long.  
They played until they heard the gong.

SO THIS IS TENNIS, AND IT ROCKS!!







# Ultimate Frisbee

After the softball games in the evening, the frisbees would occasionally surface for a rollicking game of Ultimate. Steve Dicke generally led the charge and kept the troops playing until only a few could see the disc. At this point, rather than dispersing to the far points of the camp, the group settled down to

some tea and crumpets to discuss the merits of the game. Invariably, someone would mention that Ultimate seemed somehow less ethereal than in the past. This, of course, led to a long discussion of the metaphysical versus the palpable nature of the game. This question was put: Is the game merely a philosophy, or is the philosophy merely a game? With no answer forthcoming, the group members retired to their bunks, promising to pay greater attention at the next game of **ULTIMATE FRISBEE**.



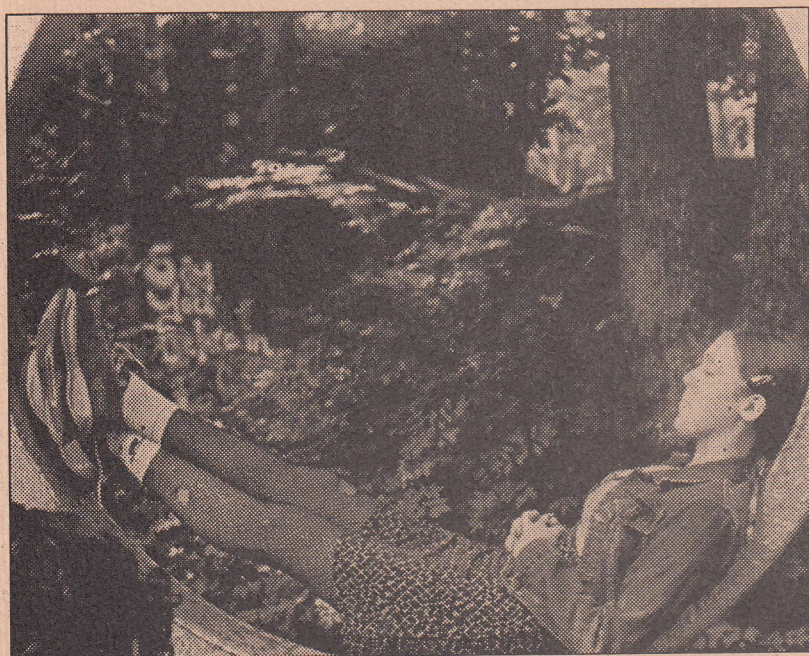


Photo by Mollie Laffin-Rose



Jordan Fish '00

Drawing by Jordan Fish



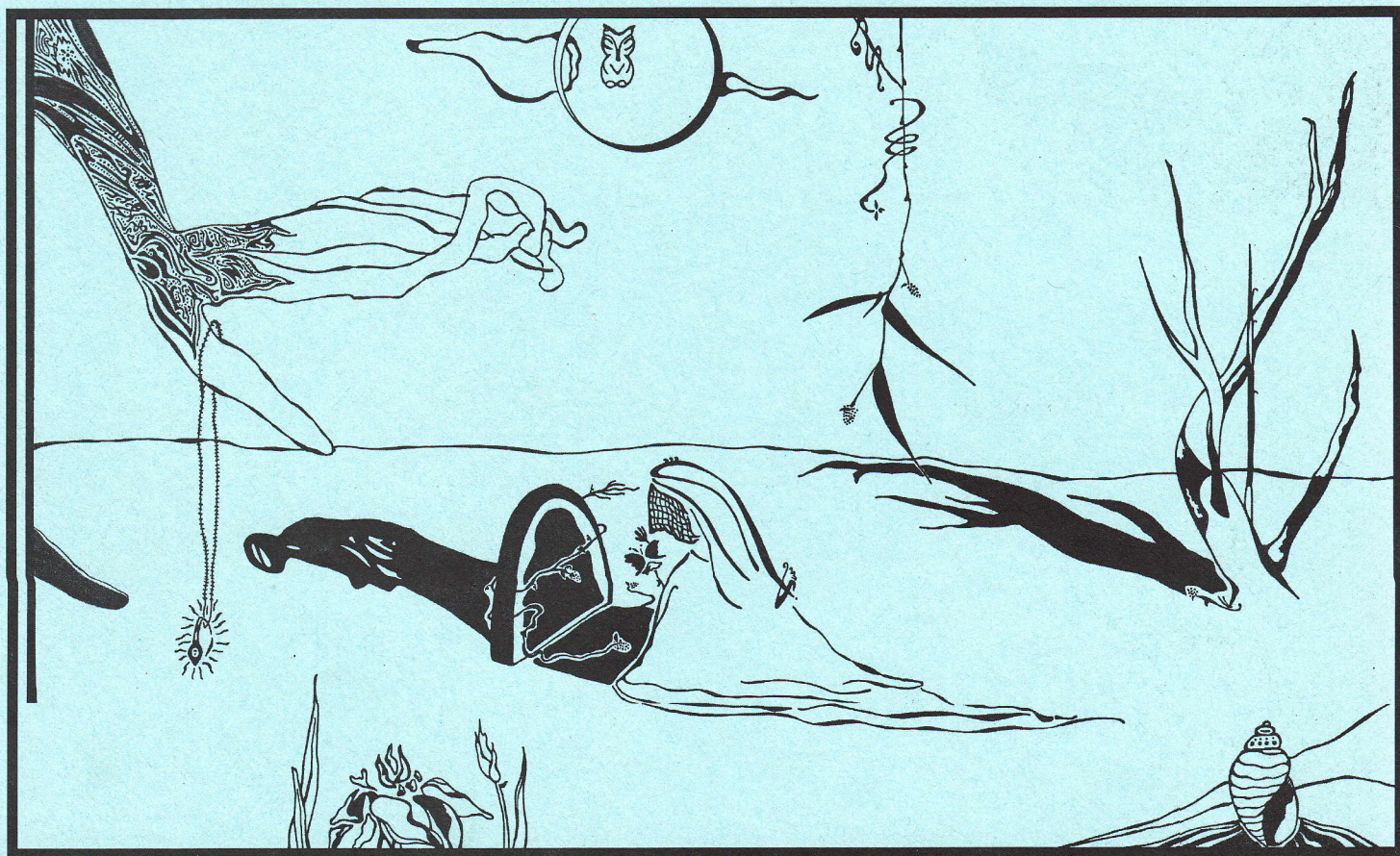
Photo by Erica Zeller



Photo by Erica Zeller



Literary



Section



"Coward, clown, traitor, idiot, dreamer, beast--  
such was a poet, and shall be, and is."

- e.e. cummings



# FACING INTO THE WORLD

by Dave "Nudelez" Blum

Facing Into the World

The sunlight spanned far across,  
and danced toward my eyes.  
The wind blows through my heart,  
yet my tongue still stays tied.

So with the passing of each moment,  
I can only try.

I try to speak my mind into the wind,  
and form words from the love,  
that my heart set free,  
but that my mind and voice have locked within.

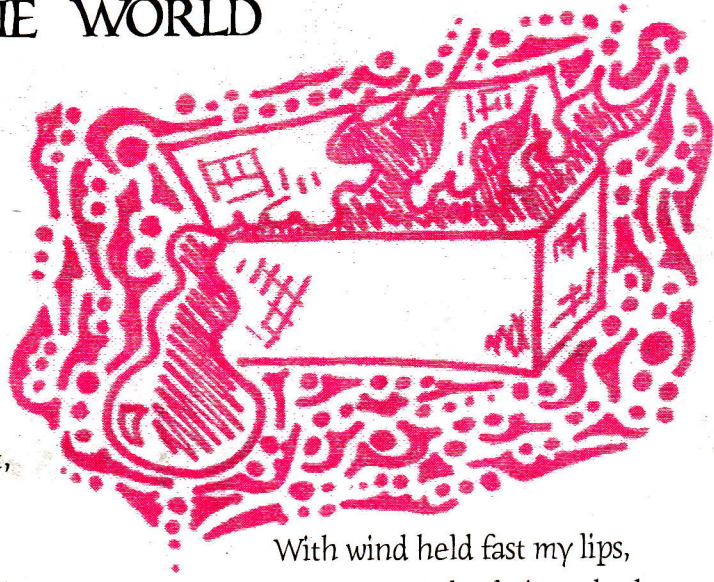
But as I try, the wind blows open my hands.

I loose my grip,  
the fingers slip,  
and the words are lost behind my lips.

And for that moment, all held still.

Again I twist my mind to find a way,  
to speak of the wind to the setting sun  
who cast my mold and poured the clay,  
and sculpt my being,  
but will never be done.

Then, I see the sun in the distance,  
and find my voice again.



With wind held fast my lips,  
I stammer slowly into the breeze.  
But as the horizon grows nearer again,  
I fall down to my knees.

All I can think to do,  
is to sit and cry,  
But as my sight turns toward the sky,  
The sun, clay and mold are met eye to eye.

And I cast no shadow, for sun sits above.

A smile and hand,  
Raise me to my feet.  
I breathe in the light,  
and hold it deep.

I smile too, and a breeze shatters the silence.  
Then up toward the sun,  
my words steadily blow.  
And my eyes close,  
from having gave back the love,  
that the wind now bestows.

Everything stops.

I stand there facing into the wind.



# GOOD ENOUGH

by Jenna Trostle

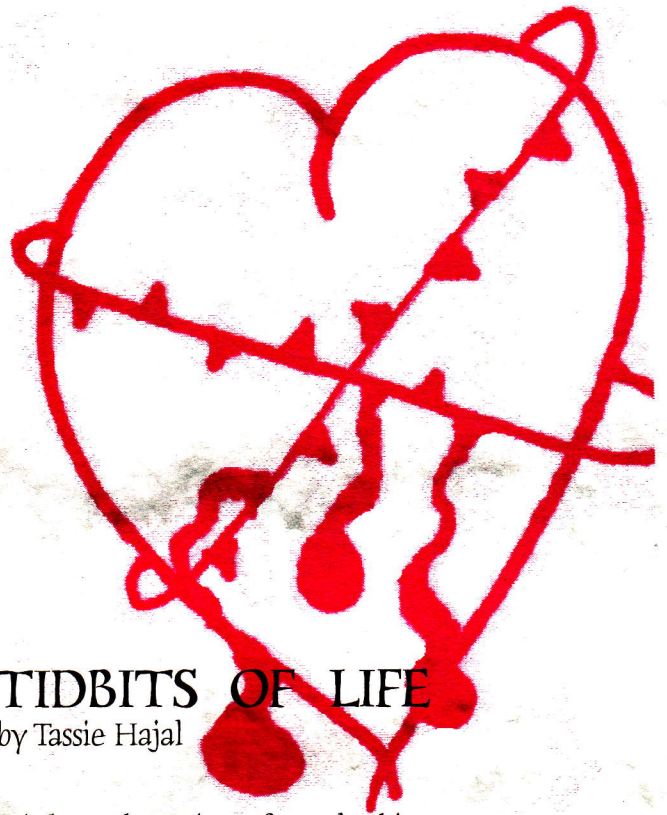
It's never quite perfect.  
There's always some flaw.  
Something to mar the beauty.  
Something to make it drop a grade.  
And there's always something wrong.  
And there's always the bit that sticks out.  
and there's always a wrong turn  
that screws it up, makes it bad.

And I hate that look.  
The disappointed one you give me.  
It makes me sick.  
And it always comes  
when I get an A  
instead of an A+.  
When I clean my room  
And you still find clutter.  
When I dress just right  
and you make me change.

I am who I am.  
Why can't you accept that?  
Instead, you try to change me  
Make me into the perfect daughter  
The perfect girlfriend  
The perfect buddy.

So you make me change.  
I need to strive for perfection  
Even though it makes me unhappy.  
Who cares if I'm happy?

And so I'll never be perfect  
Because perfect doesn't exist.  
And so I'll never be good enough  
Never good enough for all of you.

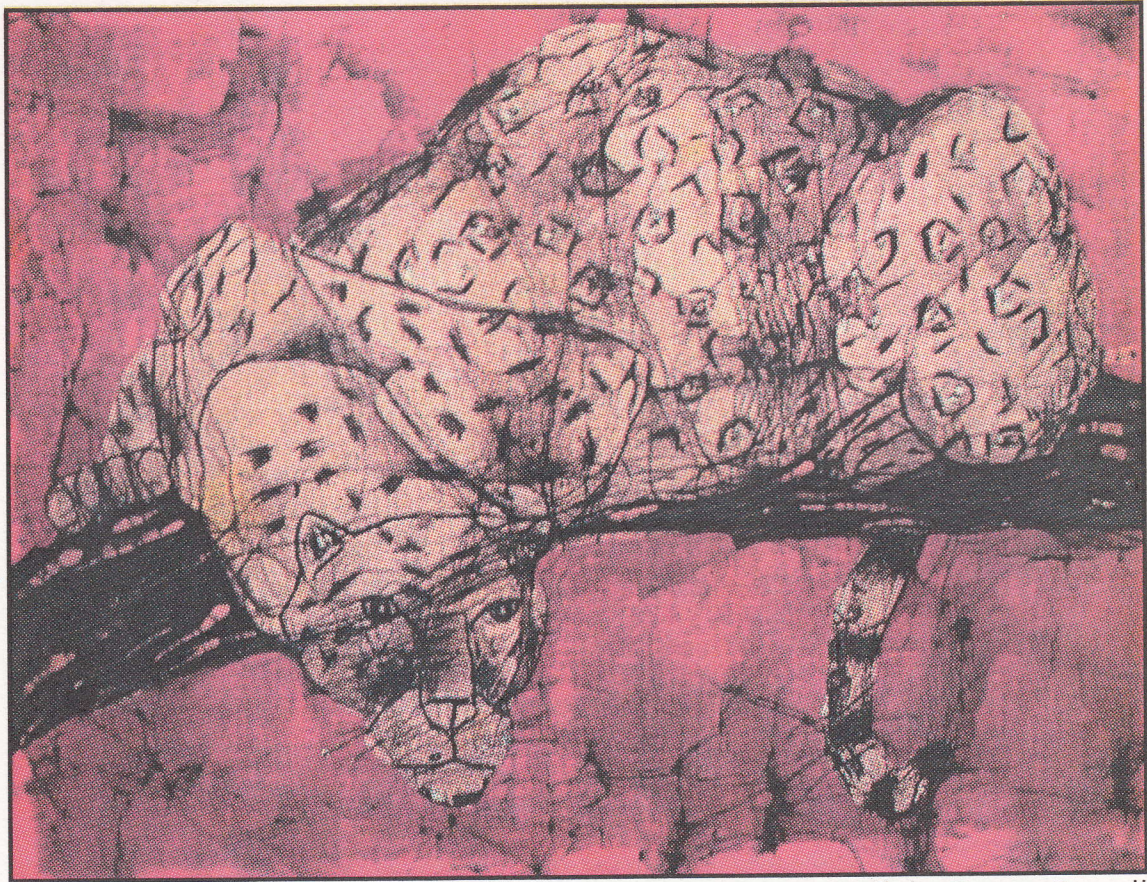


# TIDBITS OF LIFE

by Tassie Hajal

I sit here dreaming of purple skies  
Candied cherries and lullabies.  
Raindrops pattering on tin roofs  
Well-bred steeds that kick their hooves.  
Starry nights so soft and sweet  
Autumn relieving the summer's heat.  
Drinking cocktails and orange juice  
Under the shade of a molting spruce.  
Babies that sleep and whine and cry,  
How quickly the days and months go by.  
How the timid heart would gleam and soar  
To turn the key of a once-locked door.  
You parted my eyelids, now I do see  
A sphere of lilies, surrounding me.  
An inchworm gaining speed each day  
Finding the pin in the stack of hay.  
Like a budding rose, forget-me-not,  
Dive into the river; drown in thought.





Batik by Emma Powell





Drawing by Jordan Fish





## DRABBLE - A STORY IN 100 WORDS

by Lucy Robins

I think it was his innocence that made me break down. I asked him where his parents were. He pointed to the sky. Apparently, they'd died. I asked his name, but he shook his head.

I took him under my wing. He became my own.

"I can sing," he said, "I'll sing your song."


Oh Susannah.

He showed me so much, even though he was little.

My friends told me to call a home, but I couldn't, wouldn't.

One day, adopted parents took him away.

Oh Susannah, don't you cry for me.





# RUN-IN WITH ALLEGORIES

by Jen Straus

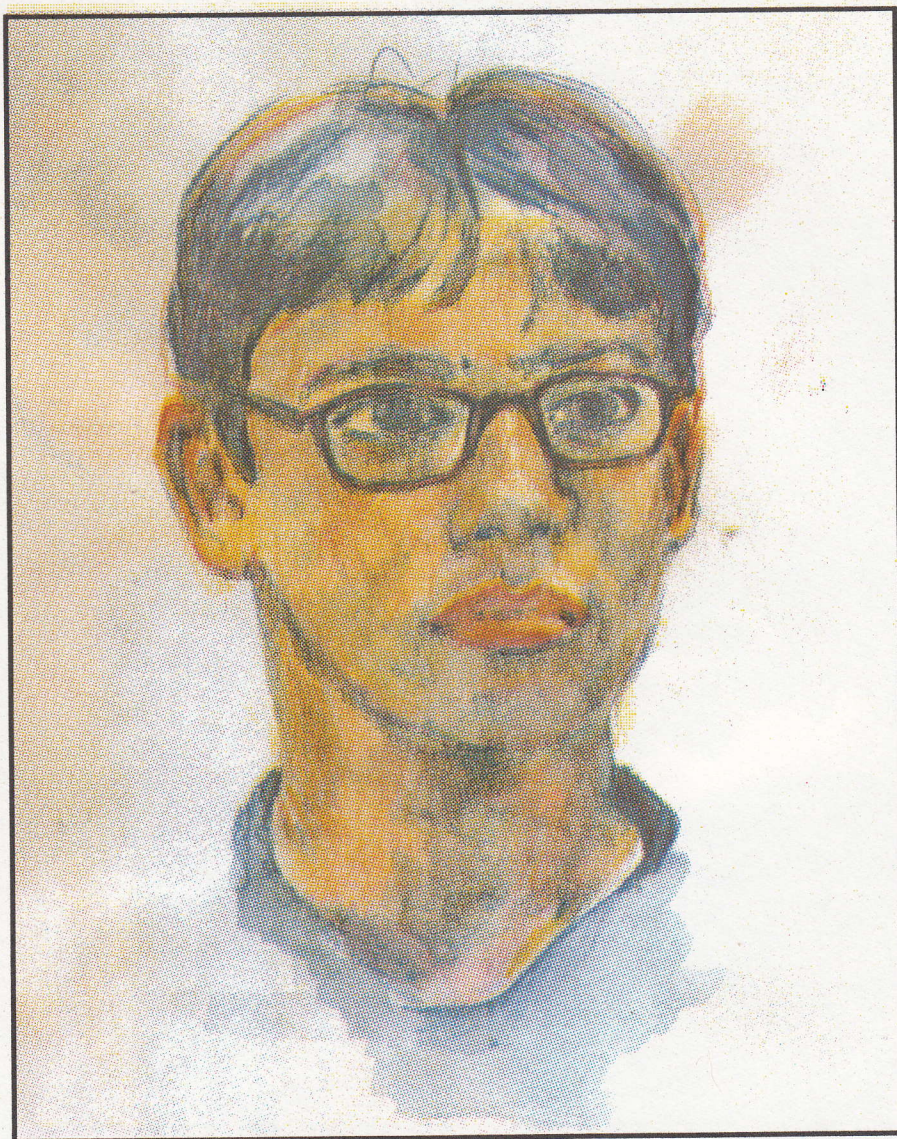
Lazy conversation goes around in a sideways eight, but is punctured by sharp bits of green and someone stepping upon them. Startled heads look up and are confronted by Wisdom, whom we find has been shot down to the streets of New York City, and shaped so that he can strike fear into all the pretty, well-off mannequins who catch sight of him. Little hits of nervousness shoot through our veins as we look into marred leather, frayed clothing, layers of filth. We semiconsciously recoil, but our aloofness doesn't fool or phase him, and is sucked right back into the superficially empty void of the man's eyes. "I am a roving poet," he says, and with lightening wit adds, "and the last four people who didn't buy my poetry I killed." Some jittery laughs and then pages are thrust into our hands without pause. And the words are flowing from his lips and his brain and we are helpless to do anything but sit and listen and think. There is no out in this situation. And so I stare at bright red paper and black ink as he delivers what is imprinted there and... I am hit full in the face with mediocre verse. But it is spoken with the conviction one carries when one believes one's work is good, and because of that my snobbery is cast aside and I study this presence in front of me and I'm charmed by the mixture of light and asperity that quarrel within his eyes. I'm fascinated by the grotesque imperfection of his face and the beauty of the mind encased within it. And then good old fashioned Prejudice strides up behind us and washes away what was, for one moment, truly magical; and the nervousness floats away because common sense has come and made its horrible rescue, and now we can all go back to being stupid and self-centered and lazy. But it turned out to be a good thing after all, since teenagers aren't supposed to know Wisdom in the first place.

## HATE THE SIN LOVE THE SINNER

Dave "Nudelez" Blum

I glance back with a longing eye,  
to a time long ago.  
When I basked in my innocence,  
in the new-fallen white snow.  
When my ambitions reached out,  
but still could never contain,  
all I so easily vanquished and lost,  
and now, I strive to regain.  
My consciousness, it overflows,  
with the sins of my past regrets.  
There is no banister to cling to  
as I ascend slowly up the steps.  
Frustration seems woven round my neck,  
like the rope of the hangman's noose.  
And no matter how many times,  
he flips the coins,  
heads he wins,  
tails I lose.  
And to spite my cries for mercy,  
the hangman won't lament.  
But when I asked to see his face,  
he simply nodded in consent.  
As the thick black hood spilled off his brow,  
I was cleansed of sins and wealth.  
For as the gallows opened beneath me,  
I was released,  
and saw that the hangman was myself.





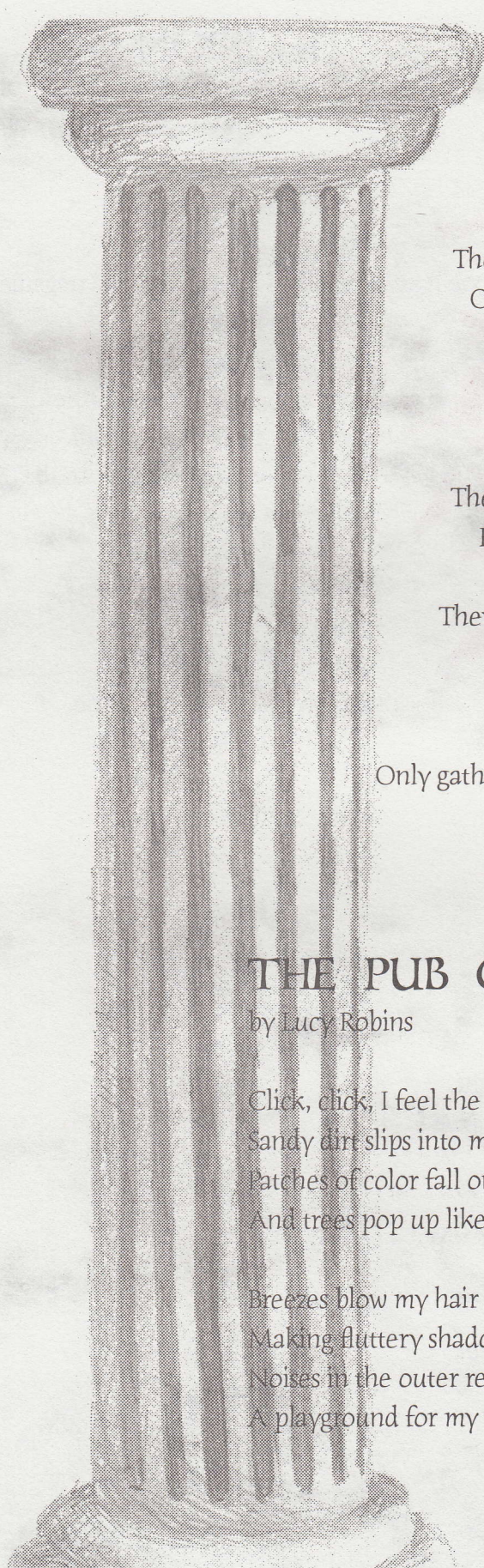
Watercolor painting by Scott Goodman





Photograph by Laila Kouri





## WRITER'S GARDEN

by Marie Smith

There is a garden where rocks blanket the earth  
Old stately trees cover and shade the ground  
Here the writers meet each afternoon  
To exercise their written words  
Glorious these works can be  
Whether meant for a smile or a tear  
These words invoke emotions inside the listener  
Emma and Karen help to shape the writing  
So the words will not only linger  
They will engrave themselves into a person's heart  
Every student reaches down inside  
Pulling out their words to express  
Individual talent creates intrigued faces  
Only gathered together will they make the expression unfathomable

## THE PUB GARDEN

by Lucy Robins

Click, click, I feel the rocks roll on the bottoms of my feet.  
Sandy dirt slips into my sandals, and I know I'm here.  
Patches of color fall on a dark background,  
And trees pop up like fingers through a broken glove.

Breezes blow my hair and tickle my face,  
Making fluttery shadows on the rocky ground.  
Noises in the outer realm fade as I am taken to a haven of words and ideas.  
A playground for my mind and an oasis for my eyes,





## OUR WORLD

By Ally Desrochers

What's our world today?  
Homely mice with cigar husbands running the government.  
Landscapers that rape the plants we cherish.  
Dizzy Devil Pizza's once imagined by 6th graders  
That lose all concept of innocence and  
resort to bags, dimes, bowls, glasses and pills  
in two years.  
Stealing the small glasses and the ice cream sandwiches  
from the teacher's cold abyss of a refrigerator  
reflecting the lost education system-  
Grades are only tangible things to believe in, not showing thought.  
Garden shops razed on solid foundations ransacked, losing all flowers  
and white paint  
Suzukis, filled with chairs and boxed goddesses, confiscated  
Publicity honing in on a child's life, creating angry protesters destroyed  
by empty promises.  
White picket fences shielding bicycle riders  
Who will long to see lost moccasins traveling down Bourbon Street  
Moochers, Users  
Raise peace signs against angry 1st graders, armed and loaded.  
Books not read, poetry not heard  
Because of lazy, right conformists arguing with millionaires  
Who didn't go on TV.  
Is this our final answer?!

## DECISION

by Natalie Levey

If I decide to grow  
I would like to know  
Will you grow with me?  
We have survived all the traumas and tragedies  
Of this life.  
We have conquered all the  
Dictators and their secret insecurities.  
I believe there is life after death,  
Even though we've died a million deaths.  
I am ready to thrive again.  
I know I may have to  
Relive my greatest nightmares  
Just to get past this place.  
But I believe it's worth it.  
It's awfully hard to do this alone.  
So will you grow with me?





Drawing by Lauren Kellner





Photo by Ari Gimbel



# PROZAC'S PEOPLE

by Lucy Robins

This piece describes the pains of depression. I gave Lucy this title to work with. In our creative writing class, we exchanged titles and had to write from them. I've had these experiences myself in the past. What was captivating was how she was able to explain depression. Having no one understand can feel like your heart is in a vice. Lucy was able to illustrate a cold world of unsympathetic therapists and medications. Take what you will from this piece. But most of all take the knowledge of depression. If it's out in the open, then no one will feel so alone. —Marie Smith

As I stand here, in the midst of life, I marvel at my own depression. I am looking out of these eyes, feeling these feelings that I can't control, hurting these people I don't want to hurt. They don't understand. They think that how I act one day in the year will predict my life. That what I do is who I am. What do they know?

So they think they can 'cure' me. Make me 'normal.' "Prozac," they say, "it can help you." There are so many blind psychiatrists who don't care about what I feel, just about giving me medicine. A chemical imbalance. Abnormal. Stupid. Freak. These words don't describe me, or help me find myself. I don't want to hurt you. I won't hit you, or go nuts on you, I just want you to listen, to understand that I'm like you. I'm struggling through life, just like you. I have eyes and ears and fingers and toes. I can laugh and I can cry. Why do you pity me or laugh at me?

I want to change my actions, but to do that, you have to understand who I am. I want to stop hurting you, but you have to stop hurting me. I want to listen to you with open ears but first, you have to listen to me. I want to get along with you but first, you have to accept that I am capable of doing so. Maybe together, we can work things out, and one day, you can love me.



# MADNESS

by Sam Rogal

Madness  
makes you  
look at the world  
differently.

Madness,  
a disease all  
geniuses  
must have.

Madness:  
I am a  
little mad  
myself.

# MOSQUITO

By Becca Lieb

ZZZZZZZZZZ

Splat

Gooey

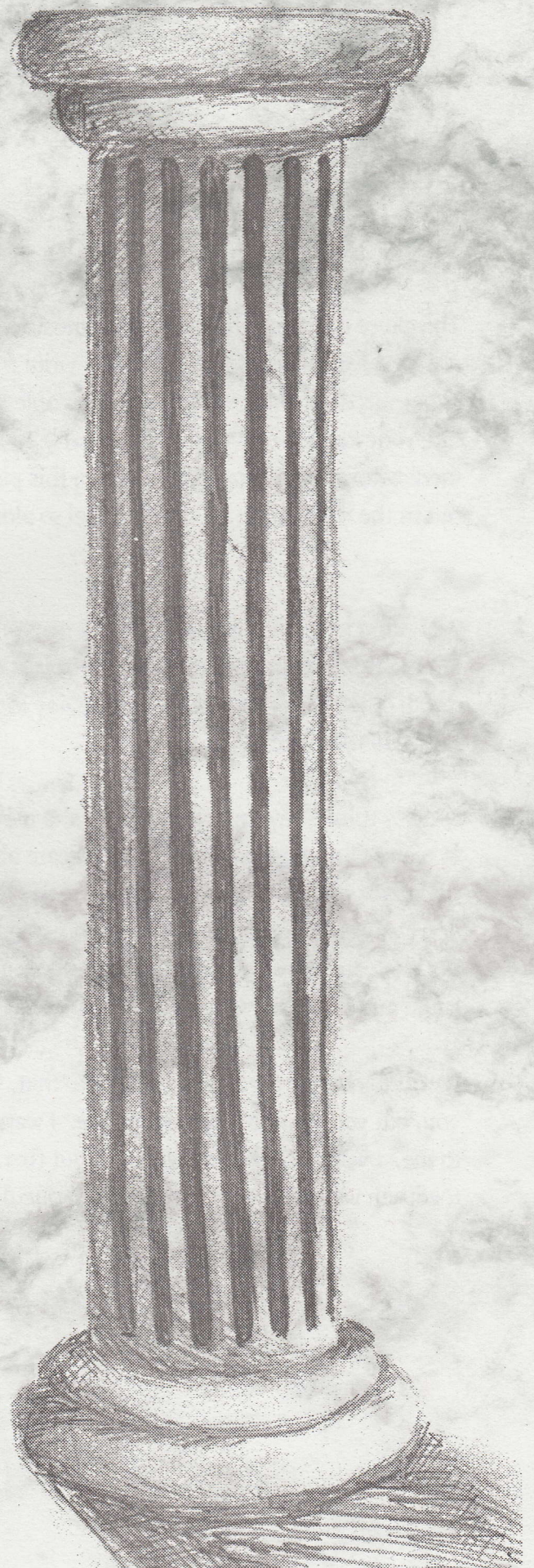
"Could I please have some bug spray?"

"Sure!"

Spray

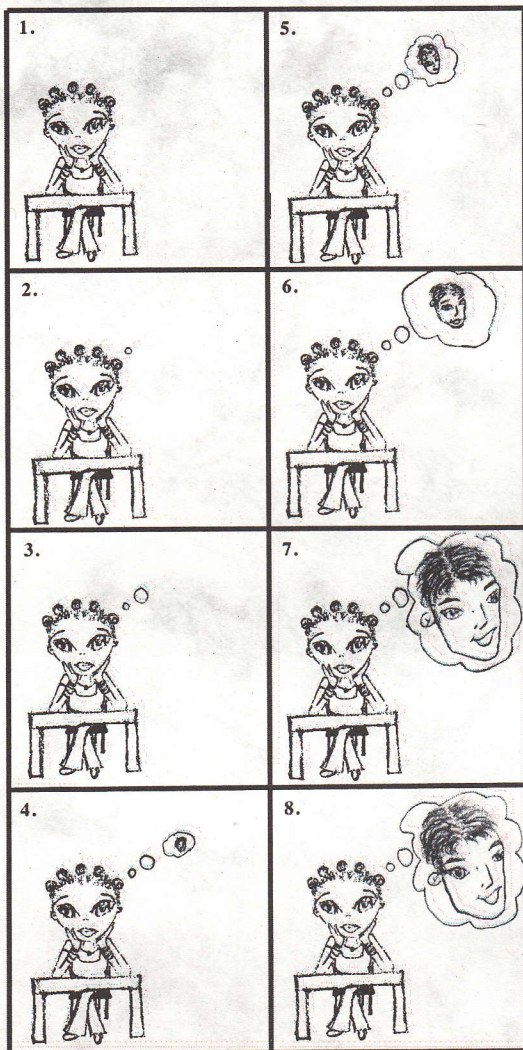
ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

"Oh, darn it"





# Camper Cartoons!



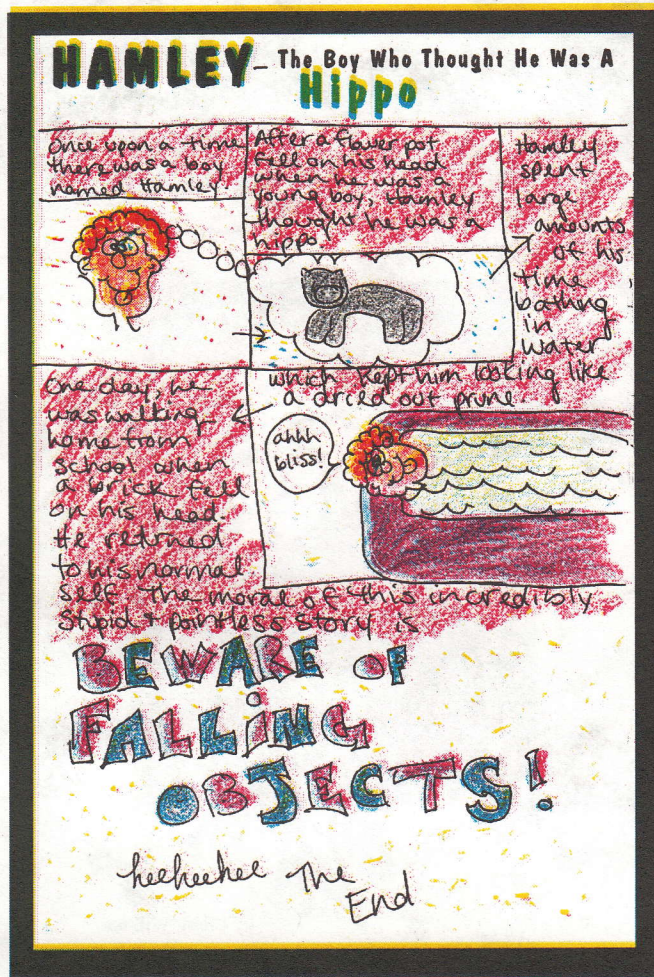
by Rosie Weiss



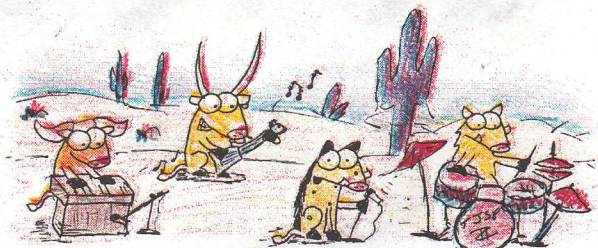
by Isaac Duglacz



by Natali Wind



by Laurel Smoliar



by Eric Fisher



"Dogroo Blue"

"Dogroo"

by Pamela Fischer



# More Camper Cartoons!

A.P. (c) 2000



by Eric Fisher



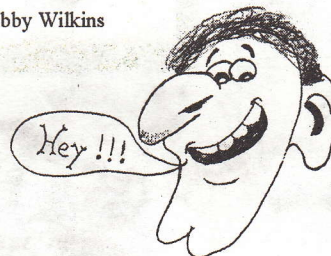
by Libby Wilkins



by Josh Burststein



by Matt Stahl



by Daniel Joseph



by Sarah Hannah Butler



by  
Daniel Joseph





Mixed Media by Eliza Zeitlin





Photograph by Laila Kouri



# THE COMPUTER GAME

By Owen Palmer Schandle

Eric was just a simple teen, really. He had parents, grades, teachers, relatives, and an attitude problem. His mom was always saying that. "You have a real attitude problem, young man!" she would say. That was when Eric would take refuge in electronic games.

Eric would play for hours at a time until his burly father would come and grab him by the shirt and plop him down in front of a book, always saying, "You'll get further along with this!" Eric never understood what he meant. He was 15 years old and his only major concerns for the future were what game to play now, and what game to play later. Books would not help any of that!

Since he spent all of his time on video games, he didn't have any real friends. Even his little brother, Jack, kept away from him. So it was a real shock to Eric when a tall man dressed in a black cloak came to the door and asked for him. When Eric asked what he wanted, the man simply handed him a package. Eric began to stutter a thank you, but the man vanished in a clap of thunder! Then it began to rain. Eric stood there, looking out the door, trying to comprehend. But his parents yelled at him to shut the door, so he closed the door and ripped open the package.

Inside was a single CD. It had nothing written on it. Eric did not know what to do with it. Maybe he should put it in the CD player! He hurried over to his room to get his Discman. No luck. Nothing came from the CD. He hurried to his parents' DVD and television. Still nothing. Bewildered, Eric turned at last to his trusty laptop. Sticking the disc in the slot, he watched in amazement as the screen changed to show a movie of the same man who brought him the package. "Hello, Eric," the figure said. Eric was amazed! A whole CD-ROM designed for him in particular. "How are you?" What a silly thing for a program to say, he thought. He shook his head. He thought that this was the lamest game since Everquest. "Don't shake your head, at me, Eric." Eric looked up. Could he have heard correctly? Was a computer talking to him? Or was it a lucky guess on the part of the programmer? "No, Eric, it was not just a guess. I know what you do and what you think." Eric was stunned. "The time has come for you to join us in the realm of Z'kackz'ack," the figure continued. Eric laughed. Then he stopped. He felt a tingling sensation in his hands. As he looked, he saw that his hands were disintegrating into nothingness!

"Oh!" he squeaked.

"Quiet down in there!" yelled his father.

"But, Dad, I need help- aagh! - help I nee-mpfhhhh." The rest of his words were muffled as his mouth disappeared.

His dad came bursting in, saying, "Eric, how many times have I told you-?" But there was no Eric.

Eric looked up. He was in a field. To his right was a lush green forest full of conifer trees, and to his left a magnificent castle. He wondered where he was. Could it be that he was in the land of Whatever-The-Man-Called-It? Funny as it sounded, could it be real? Eric headed off in the direction of the castle.

Jack was bored. When Eric was not on the computer and not at home, which was rare, Jack would go to Eric's computer and play his games. Jack was nine and short for his age. He looked to be six. But he did not think like a six year old. He felt he was at least thirteen. He was extremely intelligent and



could figure out Eric's computer games in the short time he had on them. Today, though, he was very confused. His parents were running about saying "Eric, where are you?!!!" Jack wondered why they didn't know. Well, if Eric was gone, he could get on the computer. It was on, and open to a game. There was a character on the screen on a field next to a forest. It seemed to be headed towards a castle. This must be the demo, thought Jack. He looked for the help screen, and finding it, read through it. He soon knew all the keys and what they did. He moved the arrow keys to the right. The character moved to the right. He pushed the 'jump' button. The character jumped. What fun! thought Jack.

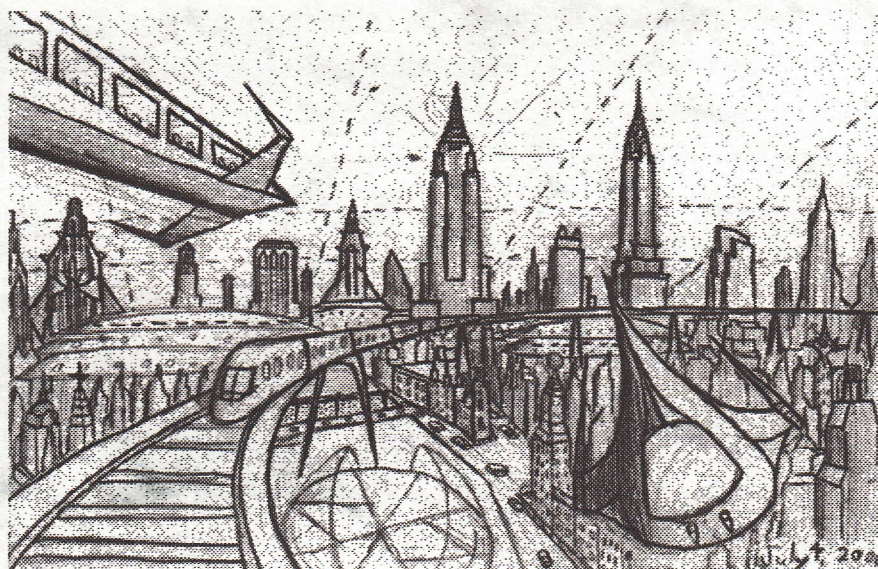
*Eric was frightened. He didn't know why he had just stopped heading towards the castle or why he had just jumped in the air. Suddenly he ran into the forest. He couldn't control his body! "Help!" he screamed.*

Jack looked at the dialogue box with the word "Help!" on it. He thought, Perhaps there is someone who needs help in this forest. Jack moved the character further into the forest. Then he remembered that he could make the character talk! He typed in 'Who is there? Do you need help?'

*Eric was petrified. He had just said, "Who is there? Do you need help?" without wanting to. He tried to form his mouth into another scream, but found he couldn't. He couldn't control any part of his body! All he could do was think. Eric turned pale.*

*Well, not really. His mind felt himself turn pale, but Eric knew he really hadn't.*

Jack loved this new computer game. Before the week was out, he was very skilled at it. He knew all the secret places and special tricks! Of course, he was worried about Eric, who had now been missing for a month, but the game was still fun nonetheless! He had never really known his brother. Eric had spent all his time on a video game or watching television.



Drawing by Max Yeston

Eric's parents were very sad. It had now been three months since Eric had vanished, and they didn't think they would ever see him again. They had put up LOST posters and even set up a 24 hour toll-free number. But no Eric was found. Eric's father tried to comfort his wife by telling her that he was fifteen and might be able to get a job and support himself. Even though Eric's parents were deeply saddened by their loss, they couldn't help realizing that they weren't as sad as another family might have been. They didn't even know their son. He never showed his face at mealtime, or any other time for that matter. And they still had Jack, who, even though he now had all of Eric's screens, limited himself to two or three hours a day and came up to talk to them regularly. Even so, they couldn't help wondering what had happened to Eric.

*Eric knew he had to be losing his mind. He had been in this game for a full year now. In all that time,*



up looking or feeling what he was doing on a regular basis. Then, on one of the days when he happened to be looking to see what he was doing, the eyes he could no longer control saw the same hooded figure who had given him the game coming towards his body.

Jack looked at the screen. Now that he had beaten the game he expected some credits to roll. But the screen just went black. He restarted the computer and logged back on. but the game had been deleted from the hard drive. He looked for the "Install" icon, but there wasn't one. He went to complain to his mother that the computer had destroyed his game.

The hooded figure looked at Eric's body, which was motionless. "Eric," he said. Eric looked up, eyes wide. Then he realized something. He had looked up... of his own free will. He could be himself again! He was ecstatic! HE! Eric! He was a person again! He could talk and jump and do whatever he wanted! To prove this to himself, he shouted his jubilation and jumped about. The hooded figure put a hand on his shoulder in confusion. Eric stopped and looked at the figure. "Eric," he said.

"Yes?" said Eric, pleased to be saying the word.

"You have freed these people and their world. I thank you." Eric thought for a moment. Had 'he' just beaten the game?

Was his imprisonment over? Could he go back home?

"Again, I thank you. You have freed them from the Evil One, and they are eternally Grateful."

"You- you're welcome." Eric had one question on his lips. "Did you stop me from doing what I wanted?"

The figure seemed to be startled, although Eric could not see his expression. "Stop you...huh? I never stopped you from doing anything! Does...do you mean you were not in control of your actions?"

Eric faltered. "Well... yes... but I would have helped if I had been able to move." He disappeared from sight. "Wait! Get me out of here! I want to go back home! Please, help me—" Eric broke off as he felt himself begin to dissolve. He was finally going back! He jumped for joy...

...and landed on his mother's rug in the middle of the living room. "Eric!" Jack's shouted in unison.

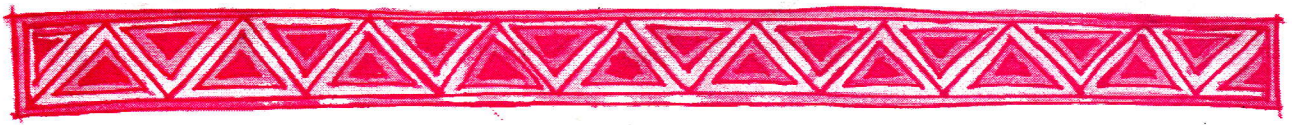
Eric's parents were overjoyed to see him. Eric was overjoyed to see anything! But he was especially glad to see his family. After a few days of being back, he realized that being trapped inside the game with no control over his actions had taught him something very important. He realized that, before the game, he had always chosen to play on the computer rather than live his life. Inside the game, he was no longer given any other choice.

As the years went by, Eric was a new person. He read books, went to concerts, got good grades, and went for walks. He still watched television, but only when it was absolutely necessary. He was frightened of being sucked in.



Drawing by Max Yeston





# PORTRAITS OF PUBBIES AT WRITING WORKSHOPS

by vicki

fingernail in her mouth, staring thoughtfully at a spot somewhere between the dividing snake-heads of the trees. bending head down again, mouthing the words carefully put down on paper. pause, look around, tug lightly at a silver ring coiled about a tanned finger. pile of papers resting on a denim clad knee, writing carefully, slowly, thoughtfully, pausing again and again to pick just the right word out of the clean summer air that is so infused with the smells of inks and flowers and waxes and gesso and wood flakes. gaze wanders, glides, bounces off each object in the garden, searching, searching... just to find that perfect word.

\* \* \*

head bent closely over the legal pad, curled up in a blue wooden chair, legs crossed, body swaying slightly back and forth as if in rhythm to a silent melody, slow and evocative. peering closely at the product of pen strokes, assessing the look of the letters, as she adds more in that same neat, careful sequence of motions. crucial is not just what she writes but also how she writes, the feeling of writing, the smooth roll of ink across the yellow-ruled expanse in neat rounded shapes, the form of each letter infused with the meaning behind it, the fact and emotion she strives to express.

\* \* \*

lying on her stomach across a wildly tilted wooden bench, brim of her sun hat with its thin red ribbon nearly touching her over-filled binder, tucking a wisp of soft thick mocha hair behind her ear, birkenstock-clad feet swinging slightly in the air. intent look of concentration, brows slightly furrowed, nibbling on the blue cap of her pen, then smiling softly at the work she is producing, until the moment when she will sit up abruptly and emit her loud satisfying call of "finished!"







Watercolor painting by Scott Goodman





Photo by Tori Giardina





Watercolor painting by Scott Goodman





Photo by Tori Giardina



## UNNECESSARY

By Lauren Menahem

Shattered,  
like a glass that has fallen to the ground,  
no one there to pick up the pieces.  
Stepped on and trampled over  
stuck in someone's foot,  
unwashed and plucked out.  
Trash.  
An old chair left on the side of the road,  
used but not needed,  
not even abused.  
Once liked,  
now out of season, out of fashion.  
Broken.

## ANGUISH

by Tracy Rubin

Tonight, the weight of the universe settled itself upon my shoulders  
It is such that I am unable to lift my head and allow others to see my misery  
If it were just a bit lighter, they might notice the cloud pouring rain onto my head, and try to  
raise my sunken spirit  
But no, my head must face the earth in which my spirit is buried, and I may receive no  
comfort  
I must go on my way, feeling such sorrow that even the tears will not bring themselves to  
fall from my eyes and look upon my pain-stricken face  
Perhaps the sun will rise again tomorrow  
But for now, my universe, just as the one on my shoulders, is filled with darkness and death

## MELT DOWN

by jen straus

I looked down roads in someone else's eyes,  
black pools of tar swimming in the center of gray slate.  
Dyslexic patterns coincide  
and make sense of this withering Iris.  
"Reach up and taste the cosmos"  
said the rainbows in her mind  
and so she stretched through endless plains  
and burnt herself on the smell of stars—  
until the sting of fantasy became too much  
and she found herself plummeting back to earth  
into the graceful arms of Insanity.  
And then fingers crushed her bruised remains  
and wrapped her in blinding white sorrow  
until finally all that was left is what I see now:  
crumbled black ash dispassionately surrounding  
two blankly reflecting pools.



# C OR J?

## (MULTIPLE CHOICE)

by Jenna Trostle

I am aware.

Every time you touch me.

When my elbow brushes yours

When our knees connect.

It gives me a little rush

And my heart jumps

When you smile at me

When you look at me

I am so happy with you.

Just being near you pleases me.

And my heart breaks

When you hold hands with her

When you kiss her,

And I've got a front row view.

And you will have to choose

Between me and her

Between friend and girlfriend.

And you should choose her.

Because you love her,

And you deserve to be happy.

And I'll get over you

And I'll move on

Though it will take a while,

I'll be happy too someday

So choose her

So have fun

Please be happy

Please don't worry.

I'll always be there for you.

## AGAIN

by vicki

our bowl of Sorrow comes this morning.

pour down your daily Grime, the receiving Pair is here.

the Sun vows deep crystals in the morning,

a graphite day is hoisted in the window.

Minutes: the Light that twists Fire and Gone

balances mites of fabulous coal lives.

the tumult of vines in the house

makes the turbo-freshness of the man's Whore.

a Dawn sings in the Fire of our Silver.

"A non-ok" says a circuit: gallop and

pour the day away. "Sue,

may he Lie."

pair Others. a Dawn obscures set soundings.

neutral Moon-day pays dread Sin.

Smile.

"don the day, Boy," deliciously i Command.

our bowl of Sorrow comes this morning.

pour down your daily Grime, the receiving Pair is here.

the Sun vows deep crystals in the morning,

a graphite day is hoisted in the window.





Photo by Gabriel Held Jakubowicz



## THOSE DAYS....

by Tassie Hajal

there are those days that  
begin and end with a  
shudder.

where loneliness creeps through  
every crack in  
every wall

and solitude smothers you,  
like a down blanket in July.

silence screams like an amplifier

'til your eardrums can no longer endure  
the shrillness of the enemy.

and speaking to someone is like  
presenting a speech in gibberish

to a room full of people

who will never put aside their arrogance and  
understand.

those days when sugar throws spears and

shouts war cries at salt

but never gains victory.

those days....

## QUINACRA

by Kate Ferencz

scream scratch slither star

smile sky scar saturn

sharp silver sinking scrape

sympathy sparkle satan sweet

\*

staring sunday stoned stuck

steel sex sprite start

super sleep sour stutter

sad stomp smoldering sound

\*

spike shadow sting spit

spider sir spacey sick

sparks shallow see shock

strong scary six spent





Drawing by Leanne Harpin





Photo by Ori Behr



# LLAMA

by Joanna Schiff

1. In the beginning there was nothing, And the Lord created light, the heavens, and life.  
And he created Llama and it was good.\*

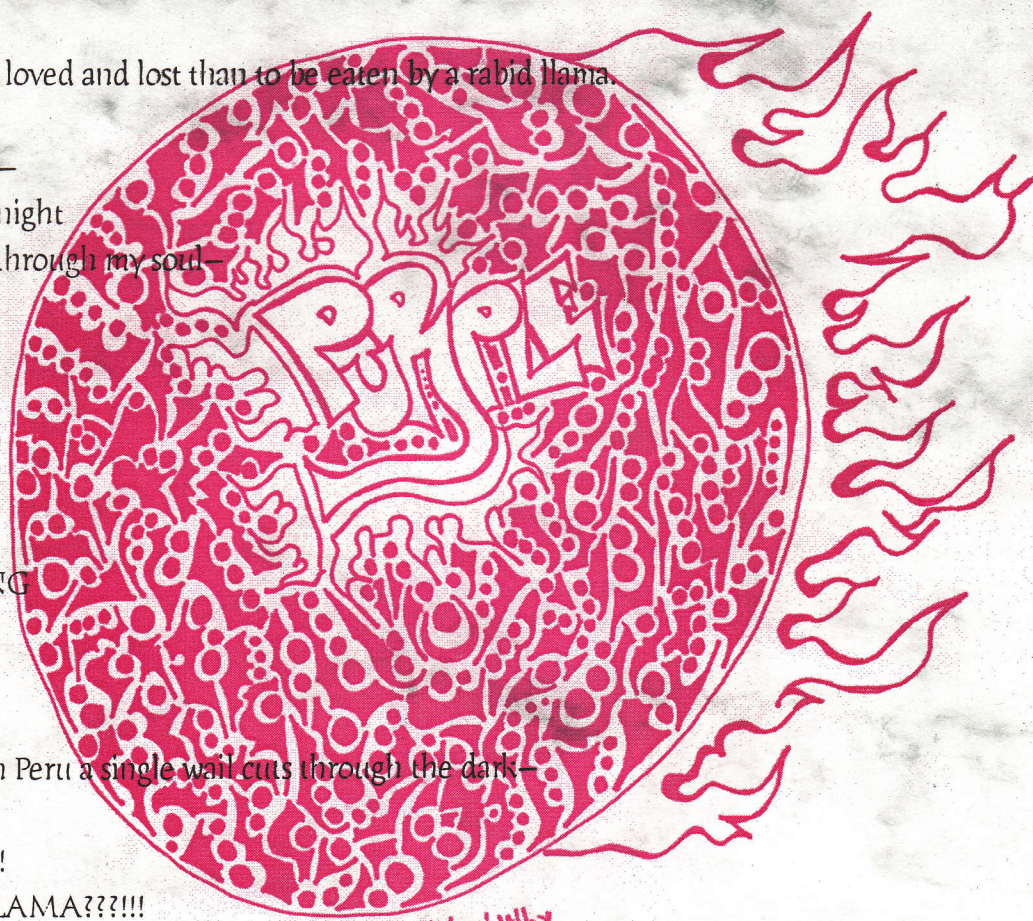
2. Why a llama?  
The sheep goes "baa"  
The cow goes "moo"  
But the llama—  
keeps to himself, it seems.  
He knows something.  
He knows everything  
Why a llama?  
Do not question the llama.

3. It is better to have loved and lost than to be eaten by a rabid llama.

4. I have seen death—  
A llama black as midnight  
Bore his empty eyes through my soul—  
and spit in my face.

5. Lla MAH  
Lla MEE  
Lla MOO  
Lla BOING  
BOINGBOINGBOING  
LALALA  
MA.

6. In a small village in Peru a single wail cuts through the dark—  
Donde esta la llama?  
Donde esta la llama?!  
DONDE ESTA LA LLAMA???!!!



*i don't know Why*

7. And in the end the llama you take is equal to the llama you make.\*\*

\*credit- The Bible

\*\*credit- The Beatles



# A POEM FOR MYSELF

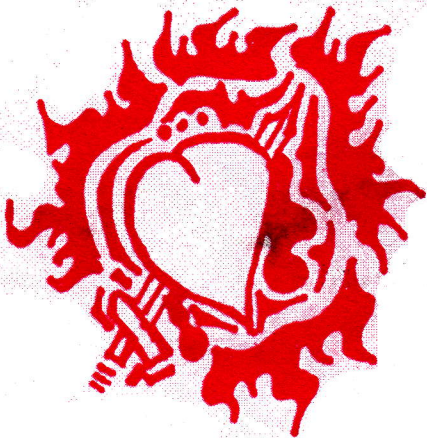
Kat Reilly

You blame life for your problems  
You're bitchy to everyone else  
When maybe it's you that needs improvement  
Take a good look at yourself

You have a lot of friends  
Lots of people who care  
You need lots of support  
Don't you see it's already there?

You turn people away from you  
Then wonder where they've gone  
Accept help and friendship  
Won't be there for too long

Think about your actions  
Don't worry about the fall  
Let people know you love them  
Not hate them, not at all



## ARRIVAL AND DISSAPEARANCE

by Roxanne Yaghoubi

Arrival and Disappearance  
As I wait for your arrival,  
I sit and try to fix my own mistakes.  
Worries fly through my mind.  
Worries that I have not fixed well enough,  
or that new mistakes will creep up.

When you finally do arrive,  
all my thoughts center on you.  
Leaving no room in my brain for worries.

These fly out  
as do my inhibitions.

It isn't until you are long gone  
that I realize  
that the mistakes are still there  
worse than ever.

Is that why I love you?  
Because you take away my problems  
for however short a time.  
Because you care enough  
to make the problems fly away.



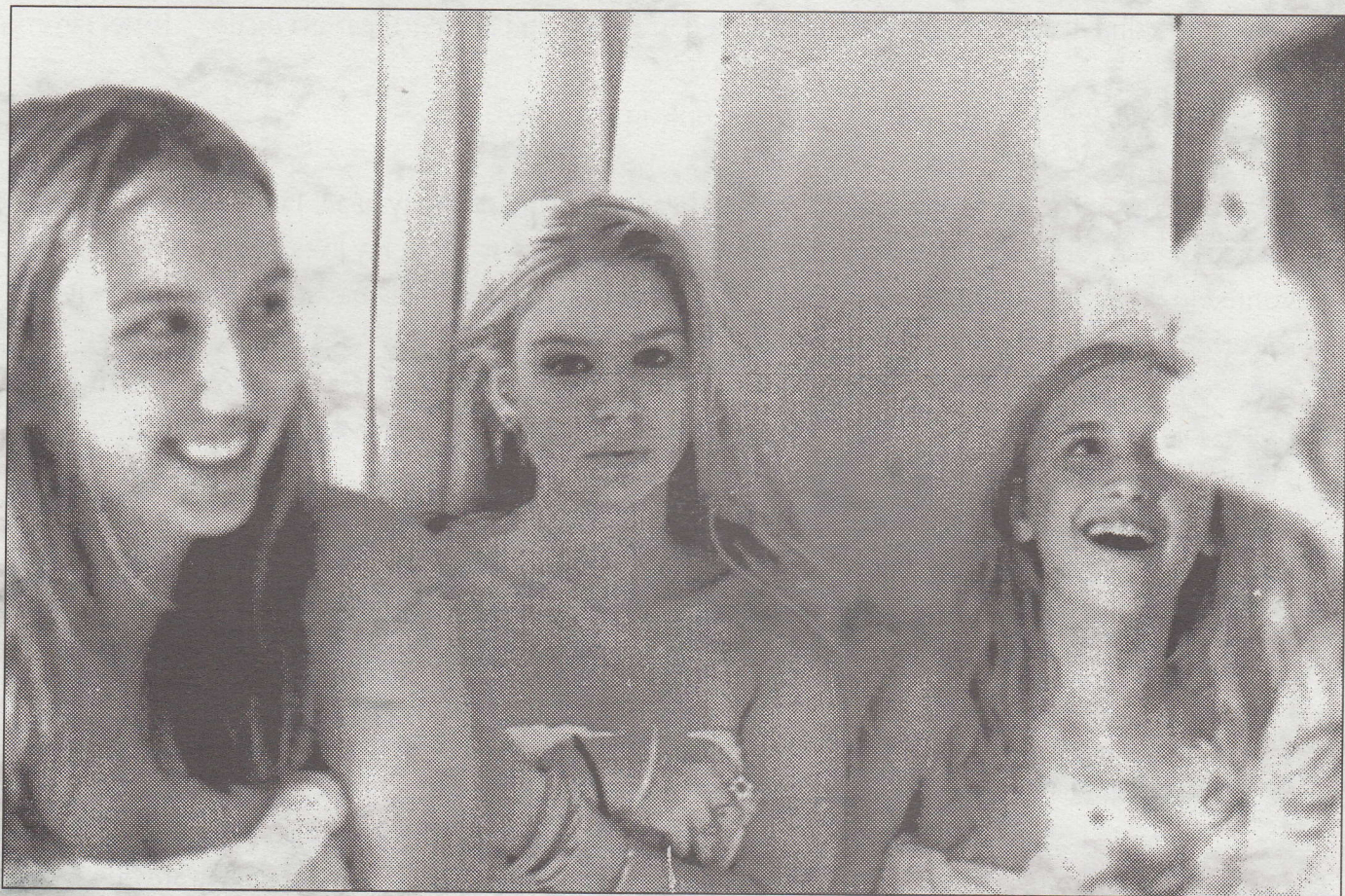


Photo by Rachel Cooper



# CONFESSIONS OF THE INSIDE\*

by Rai-T

I wanted to write millions of words,  
bright as the stars.

Instead I write thousands, most of them  
plain, like me.

I wanted to create books by the time I was fourteen.

I wanted to do so much.

Be a slim dancer, a ballerina, sophisticated in French and art. With perfect diction. Perfect everything.

Instead, I'm a singer, finding perfection only in the rain,  
and in the music I hear in my ears.

I wanted to go to the opera and listen. Instead, I hear angelic music in my head. I wanted to be in-kept. I wanted to hold back. Now I want nothing more than to express, to shout my lives and loves to the stars. I wanted to dine with celebrities. Now I dine with good friends over simple meals. I have turned into something I never thought I would be.

I am so different from that perfect picture of womanhood I had when I was five years old. I didn't think I'd act. Did I think I'd love? Would I ever be able to go back? What made me turn out like this?

I want to know.

I want to know what it was that made me give up my elevated dreams.

I'd also like to take some time now to thank you. All of you people who make up Buck's Rock.

You all make up this place which means so much to so many people here. I know that for a lot of us, Buck's Rock is a safe haven. For me especially. And I don't even have to ask myself why that is.

Buck's Rock is so much more than just another summer camp. It's a home, because a home by my definition is where you're happy and at your best. It's where you're surrounded by people who love you best for who and what you are and don't want to change you.

Here you can drop all your baggage, all your fears, worries and restrictions. Here you can be outright and fear nothing and no-one. It's here that you can just be yourself without having anyone mock you or "correct" you, and I, for one, don't let anything or anyone take that away from me.

Buck's Rock isn't about conforming, but it's not about non-conforming either. It's about you, and it's about learning who you are and what you want. It's about discovering who you want to be. Buck's Rock is about mistakes. These are, by far, the best and the hardest forms of education. So appreciate your mistakes...life...diversity...Buck's Rock.

\* Note: This was originally written as a post-diversity night speech on the American Independence day.

Now on the Swiss national day, I look back at it and realize how much it applies to what has been a great summer so far. I love you all.



# AT CARMEN'S

by Mathilda McGee-Tubb



There comes a time  
when memories are all we've got.  
A shoe box of photos  
An attic of pasts  
Decorating the  
modern memorabilia.  
What is there to say but  
I remember when...  
and back in my day.  
We're getting there.  
Pictures of children  
from years ago  
Mirror images  
of wrinkles and a  
head of snow.  
We're getting there.  
Following the inevitable road  
of age and loss  
and all that falls in between.  
Memories of a high school beauty queen  
Whose only evidence is a tattered photo.  
We're getting there.  
One day a walk in the park  
was too slow-paced.  
The next day  
it's an impossible feat.  
Can you see us getting there?  
Fading away into the darkness  
of the future  
and watching the assurance  
of the past  
slip between our fingers  
like the shimmery dust of a child's sandbox.  
We're getting there.  
Do you remember where you were?  
Who you were?  
Is anything really definite  
in this vast mess  
of mass production  
mass deletion  
a turnover every minute,  
young to old to gone.

We're getting there.  
Every minute,  
each step of the way,  
we're getting there.  
Do you miss it?  
Do you miss being young?  
Being exuberant?  
Being alive?  
We all do.  
With every second we grow, we live.  
With every second we die.  
Fade away  
We're getting there.  
And when we're there  
We'll smile,  
whisper about every mile  
every footprint we made,  
every hand we held,  
every day we felt.  
And we'll say  
Thanks for the memories.  
It's been swell.  
I'll never forget  
any of it.  
When we're there  
we'll know what it feels  
to have really lived life.  
So live every moment,  
feel every thought.  
Don't miss a step,  
a field of dreams and realities awaits you.  
We're getting there  
but slowly enough  
to enjoy what's given to us,  
so watch your step  
but be sure to take it.  
What lies ahead is sweet  
and fulfilling.  
Good luck.



***It all started with "Possibly the Best Orientation Book Ever!" which the staff threw together in record time because the computers were delivered a mere two days before the campers arrived. "We might need to hand write the copy for the booklet," Bob said with undue calmness to the newly assembled staff. "Who has good handwriting?"***

***This was only the first sign of things to come. For the rest of the summer, the staff clung desperately to their collective sanity as the hectic publication schedule threatened to skid completely out of control, bouncing along a salt 'n' rocky road with an unprecedented number of typos, and slipping too quickly from deadline to deadline before crashing headlong into Probably the Biggest Staff Words Ever with a supersonic zonker yellow***

**BLAMI**

***that reverberated throughout the second session, adding to the cacophony of sound already echoing in the shop.***

## ***THESE BROWNIES SUCK (a.k.a. Things Heard in PUB)***

"Where's Anna?" a voice calls into PUB. Aussie Emma looks up from her perch at one of the Blueberry iMacs where she prepares to print out part of her epic saga, "The Jedi Who Loved Me." The soundtrack from VELVET GOLDMINE (a.k.a. "The Naked Ewan Movie") fills PUB, battling with the Calunk!Chuck! of the offset presses busily churning out page after page of the latest newspaper (a.k.a. "Inside Sam Nagourney's Head"). Whimsical, overworked, ink-stained Ian Jackson glances over from his vantage point at the side of the presses and sighs a British sigh.

"She had line duty, didn't she?" he quips. Easily amused Karen laughs.

"Anna works in Book Arts now," ever-helpful Emma shouts across the noisy PUB. "Now go away." Karen laughs again. The unidentified camper searching for Anna disappears from the door without witnessing curly-haired Vicki's full body shudder at the mention of Book Arts. Vicki begins to explain her phobia of all things Book Art-related to the other CITs, who have gathered around the cushy green chairs at the front of the shop. Clever Ian mutters something extra funny but the noise of the printing presses swallows his joke. Nobody hears him. Karen laughs anyway.

Nick, sporting a happy new blond spikey-haired look that makes him resemble a newly-hatched chick, pokes his head into the shop. His face pinches behind his dark-rimmed frames as he tries to identify the music blaring forth from the CD player.

"What are we listening to? Guys? Whose CD is this?" Nick asks. Punk Rock Marc (with his own freshly dyed blue locks partially hidden underneath his backwards Cleveland Indians cap) begins to answer Nick's questions but Nick is no longer listening. "I call next CD," Nick calls out across the shop. "Guys? We're listening to Bruce Springsteen next." Marc closes his mouth and shrugs ... whatever.

Brett comes out of the closet in the back corner of the shop. Strains of The Rocky Horror Picture Show Audience Participation Soundtrack drift out of the now open door of the closet (a.k.a. The Digital Darkroom). "Nobody print," Brett decrees.





The Kizner has spoken.

"What are you printing?" Marc asks from his seat next to the printer. But he's too late. The cryptic little Kizner has already returned to his closet before Punk Rock Marc has *totally* finished speaking. Fortunately for the perpetually Noc Hockey-starved Nick, camp cartoonist Chris decides to take a much needed break from caricaturing the entire camp staff before Festival. The two lanky gents step out onto the front porch for a knuckle-slamming game.

Unable to print "Chapter IV: Coruscant Love Slave," health-nut Emma stands up from her iMac station and walks to the other side of the shop to retrieve her Pringles from the never-locked Writing Cabinet. She stands obscured from view by the behemoth Plate Maker as she cracks the canister open. Even over the amped up volume of the increasingly noisy PUB, Head of Shop Bob hears the familiar POP of the vacuum-packed Pringles and follows his ears to Emma's side.

"We'll be getting rid of this here Plate Maker before the end of the summer," Head of Shop Bob says as Emma shares her stash of chips (or are they crisps?). "Mickey's trying to sell it. I don't know who would want to buy it but he's going to try. One guy came in here," Bob shrugs before continuing, "said he didn't want it. So, I don't know." Bob places one hand on the back of his neck as he expounds upon the many possible plans for selling the antiquated equipment. From his perch by the presses, Ian (the omniscient entity) listens intently to their conversation and quietly points out that it's already the 6th week of camp. When exactly is the Plate Maker leaving the shop, eh, Bob? If Bob hears him, he doesn't make any indication. Ian whispers something especially clever to the creepy stuffed monkey friend who sits on the little shelf behind him. The little brown monkey stares silently ahead. His glassy dark eyes seem to remember another monkey friend ...

### **FX FLASHBACK INT. PUB - SEVERAL WEEKS EARLIER**

*An invisible drum beat accompanies Nick's movements as he carefully wraps a bright pink monkey in transparent shrink wrap. Nick seals the monkey with a warm iron — as oblivious to the tiny pink monkey's cries for help as he is to most of the things that people say to him — and Punk Rock Marc happily snaps multiple izeone photos to preserve the moment for posterity (and he even displays the horror at Staff Works in the name of Art). Sly Jen Straus and sweet Lauren Menahem watch the ritualistic monkey shrinking. They'd gladly assist with the ceremony but Nick staunchly refuses. Nobody shrink wraps Nick's monkey but Nick.*

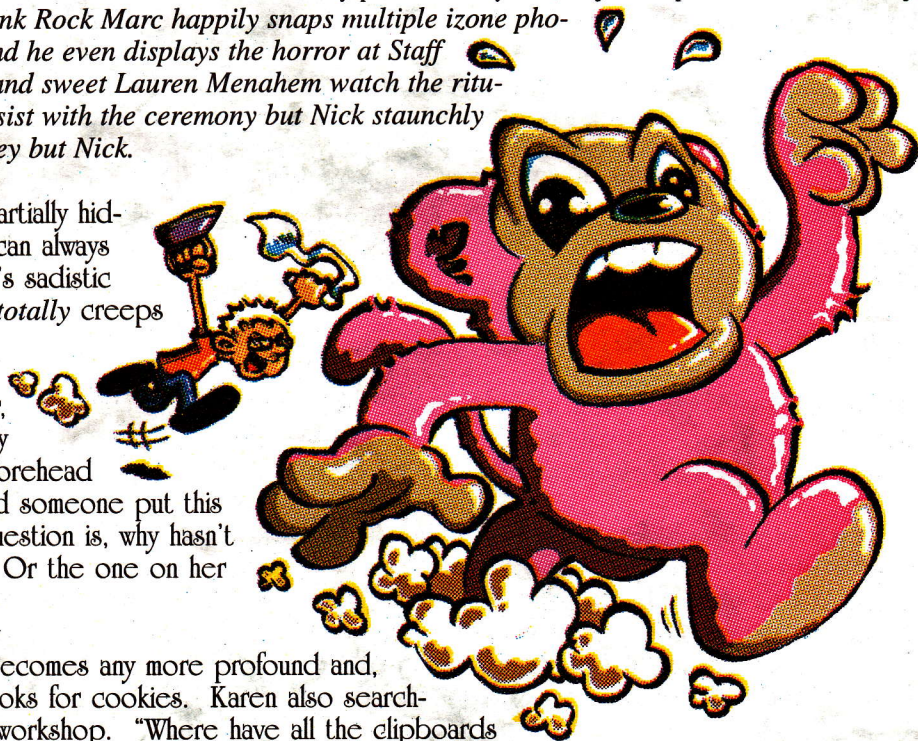
From a safe distance across the shop — partially hidden behind the layout computer where he can always be found — blue-haired Marc stares at Ian's sadistic looking little brown monkey. "That monkey *totally* creeps me out," Marc declares.

Sitting next to Marc at the quarky computer, Natalie looks across the room at the creepy monkey. A piece of masking tape on her forehead reads "Thong." The question is not why did someone put this piece of tape on Natalie's forehead; the question is, why hasn't she removed it? Or the one on her arm? Or the one on her shoulder? "Yeah," Natalie agrees.

The Gong rings before their conversation becomes any more profound and, like Pavlov's dogs, everyone in the shop looks for cookies. Karen also searches for clipboards for the afternoon writing workshop. "Where have all the clipboards gone?" she sings before declaring, "I don't mean to be a fascist about this, but would it really be that hard for our three campers to return the clipboards after Workshop?" Emma and Karen (*a.k.a. the writing counselors*) adjourn to the PUB garden where someone observes that the "Do Not Pick the Flowers" sign should really be changed to read "Please Pick the Weeds." A moral support editor appears with a styrofoam tray overflowing with damn cookies.

Jon (*a.k.a. The New Guy*) sits in the garden during the writing workshop and makes friends, literally. Jon draws faces onto small gray rocks with a black magic marker. Jon's Friends' smile and wink up at campers from beneath their feet.

Today's workshop is the Little Box of Big Ideas. Lucy Robins claps her hands with joy.





"I can't write that," Annie Shapira announces after pulling out a green slip of paper from the box. "No. I just can't." She fingers the rim of her hat for a few moments and then she starts writing another story in which the villains are the protagonists, "Because good is dumb." In the corner of the garden, Chris starts a jam cartoon with several young illustrators (*a.k.a. Chris's fan club*). He draws a fuzzy bunny in the first frame. By the third panel, the fuzzy bunny has been gored to death by a sharp-taloned Gryphon. Fortunately, a heroic female warrior with oversized Anime eyes appears in the sixth panel to exact bloody revenge in the name of fuzzy bunnies everywhere. "Right," says perpetually positive Chris in his clipped Brit accent. "Right. That's really good."



Easily distracted Nick disappears into the PUB to put on the Bruce Springsteen CD which he keeps threatening to play, but Vicki has beaten him to the punch and the swells of her angry white lesbian music swirl through the garden. Natalie seems to have escaped the shackles of the layout computer for the moment and she joins the writing workshop. This naturally means that J.P., our honorary Pubbie, joins the workshop, too.

As Emma stares at the blank yellow legal pad and mutters about "the palpable sexual tension between Qui-Gon and Jar Jar," Lucy announces that she'd like to read the 20 pages she's just dashed off. Unfortunately, Brett has somehow come out of his closet without anyone noticing and has been swinging in the hammock with a few of the garden regulars, Mimi and Celia (*a.k.a. The PUB Kitten*). Nick stands near the hammock, talking loudly. Karen hollers in her best I-don't-mean-to-be-a-fascist voice for everyone to please be quiet, especially Brett and Nick, who seem to be fighting about something (*a.k.a. nothing*). Someone shouts, "shut up, Nick," and the voices fade until only one voice can be heard ringing in the newly quiet garden.

"I AM NOT AN EXHIBITIONIST!"

which means that Lucy's reading will have to wait a few more moments while the gathered "writing" group debates the definition of exhibition, determining whether or not owning a black leather corset makes a person an exhibitionist. The debate draws to a close when Kelly Reid unbuttons his shirt to show off his bear chest.

Bob steps into the middle of the garden for a tiny plastic cup of iced tea and suggests that anyone in need of something to do should step into the shop and start collating the latest publication. Everyone looks around for a moment before realizing that they are, in fact, doing nothing and then they follow Head of Shop Bob into PUB. A few moments later, Jen pulls out a tape recorder and starts taping the wacky conversation that circles the collation table. Nick innocently refers to Emma's Qui-Gon doll as her "twelve inches of pure joy" while Karen babbles incessantly about her imaginary boyfriend, the Afro-Canadian superhero who plays the saw in an imaginary band.

"When did we all drop acid?" the pasty white pubbies ponder.

"I don't know," Jen observes, "but there is definitely too much Scooby Doo in here." Lauren insists on changing the current CD to Weezer, because Weezer must be played every day, and thus she successfully thwarts Nick's plan to take control of the CD player once again. Jeffrey Paul Bobrick appears in the shop and introduces Emma and Karen to yet another camper who wants to make a video and needs, as Jeff puts it, "a little script advice."

"Sure, Jeff," Emma replies enthusiastically. She turns to the camper. "What would you like to make a video about?"

"I don't know," the camper replies. Emma's smile becomes forced. Karen laughs and suggests a film about sightless mimes.





Jon (a.k.a. *The New Guy*) notices that Vicki is still in her pajama pants. "Aren't they cute?" Vicki asks and then she points to her fluffy slippers because, well, because they're cute, too.

"What — did you have a lie in?" Jon inquires with a smile. "Roar," adds Punk Rock Marc. Vicki just looks confused.

### **FX FLASHBACK EXT. PUB GARDEN - THE FIRST TOESDAY**

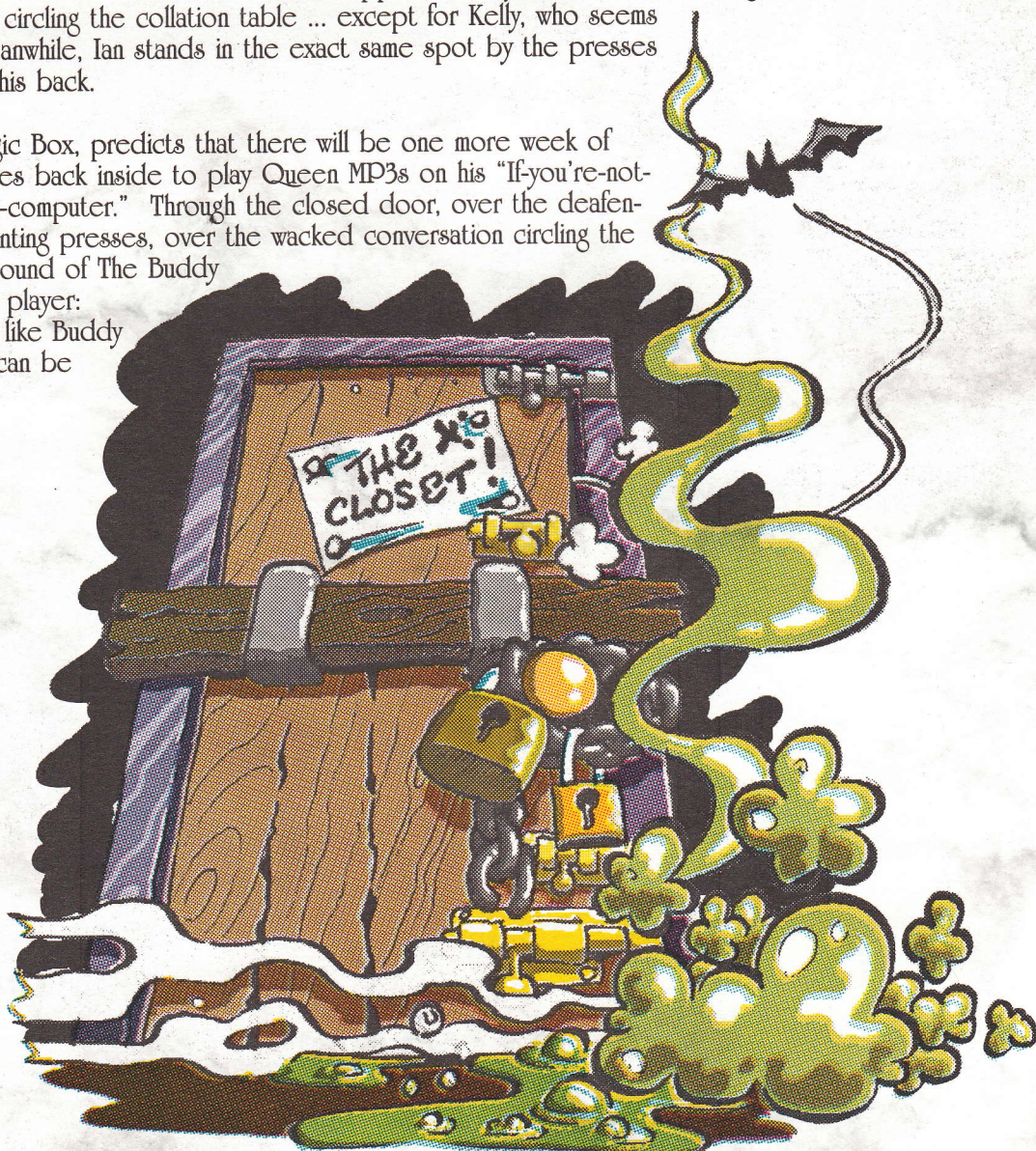
*The first meeting of the Velvet Goldmine Fan Club gathers. President Emma calls the group to order. E.I.T. Jen Straus (E.I.T.: Emma in Training) takes notes. Karen has declared it pedicure day and therefore paints people's toes in Glam Rock colors. Lauren dominates the discussion with stories about her latest crush and the conversation soon turns to the news that a group of girl campers have snatched Chris' caricature of himself and hung it in their bunk. Apparently, they have quite a crush on the hip British cartoonist. "Right," says perpetually positive counselor Chris, seemingly unfazed by his unexpected popularity. "Right."*

Behind the collation table, Emma staples with alarming precision while Head of Shop Bob counts calendar days until Yearbook deadline. Chris draws a caricature of the Shrink Wrapped Monkey, forever immortalizing him for the PUB t-shirt.

Most everybody else continues circling the collation table ... except for Kelly, who seems to have disappeared again. Meanwhile, Ian stands in the exact same spot by the presses and whispers to the monkey at his back.

And Brett emerges from his Magic Box, predicts that there will be one more week of rain, sees his shadow and scurries back inside to play Queen MP3s on his "If-you're-not-Brett-you-shouldn't-be-using-this-computer." Through the closed door, over the deafening Calunk! Chacunk! of Ian's printing presses, over the wacked conversation circling the collation table, even over the sound of The Buddy Holly Song blaring from the CD player: "Ooo, wee, ooo, you look just like Buddy Holly," the little Kizner's voice can be heard saying:

"Shut up, Nick."





# Pabbies 2000



You cannot depend on your eyes when your imagination is out of focus.

-Mark Twain



# Bunk



# Shots



*"It is no use to blame the looking glass if your face is gone awry."*

*- Nikolai Gogol*



# Boys House Up



Travis Bacon



Walker Bronston-Flynn



Jeremy Brown



Dylan Curtis



Alex Epstein



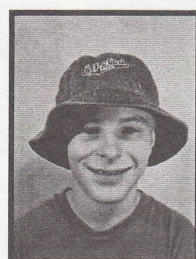
Andrew Fink



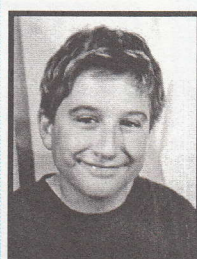
Cody Friedman



Aydin Hamami



Alex Hamilton



Curtis Lachowicz



Jonathan Levin



Harald Olsen



Eric Orenstein



Kyle Ozycz



Max Rauch



Alex Shoulson



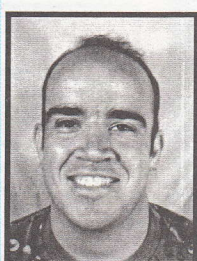
Yale Spector



Ben Taggart



Matthew Thurm



Steven Norminton  
Guidance



Michael Tuminello



# Boys House Down



Trevor Baum



Andrew Bearnot



Samuel Budin



Ben Folit-Weinberg



Jeremy Goodman



Nicky Hajal



Eli Halpern



Walker Howland



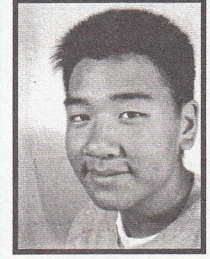
Ollie Hulland



Emmanuel Jamali



Seth Kane



Jeff Kim



Daniel Lanzara



Simon Lax



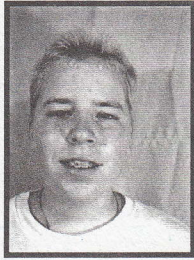
Mike Levy



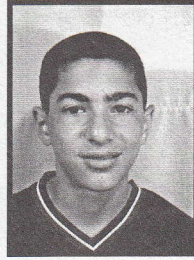
Russell Lewczuk-Jensen



Gardner Lydon



Kyle Ranauro



Blake Rosen



Eric Schwartz



# Boys House Down



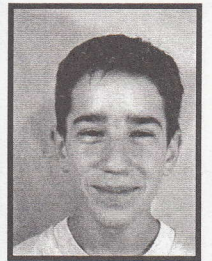
*Evan Scofield*



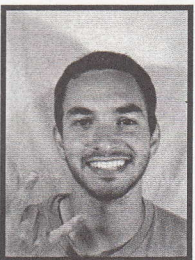
*Dylan Shad*



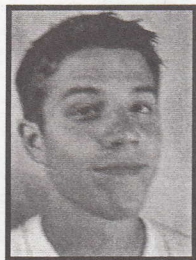
*Lorin Silverman*



*Michael Wellman*



*Myq Kaplan*  
*Guidance*



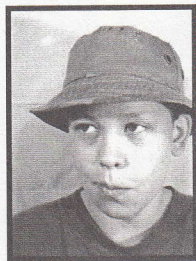
*Justin Parisi-Smith*  
*Guidance*



# Boys Annex



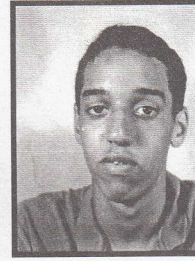
David Altabef



Christopher Berg



Matt Berman



Jake Blasini



Matthew Blaszczynski



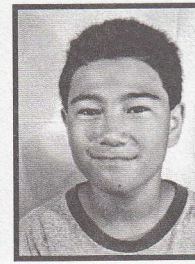
Ethan Blum



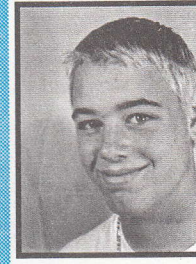
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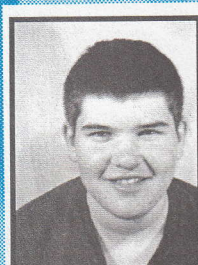
Colin Brennan



Joshua Burstein



Jeff Carlisle



Andrew Casarsa



Brittain DuBose-Gilliland



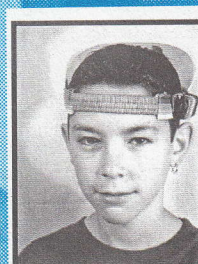
Joshua Feintuch



Simon Frid



Daniel Fried



Ben Gass



Daniel Greenwald



Mathieu Jarosz



Adam Katz



George Keveson



Max Klein



Jeremy Kloyman



Alex Koslow



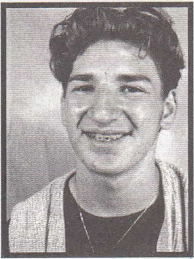
Richard Ledley



Jacob Levine-Sisson



# Boys Annex



Jonathan Levy



Four Millsbaugh



Sam Nagourney



Alex Nahoun



Jason Resnikoff



Jonathan Ross



Owen Schandle



Justin Spiegel



Joshua Treypel



Robin Tucker-Droh



Travis Walker-Hodkin



Caleb Wasser



David Wright-Spaner



Michael Bendib  
Guidance



Nick Cheeseman  
Guidance



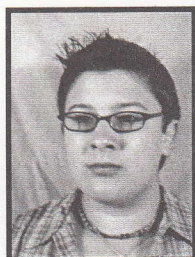
David Levinson-Wilk  
Guidance



# Boys Cabins



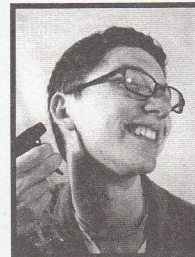
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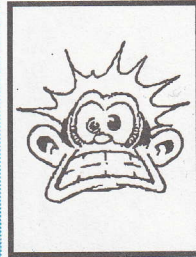
Samuel Alter



Aaron Baigelman



Ori Behr



Josh Benjamin



Cliff Benston



Tucker Blatterman



David Blum



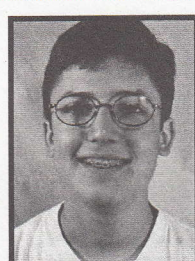
Joshua Caust-Ellenbogen



Roger Crane



Isaac Dlugacz



Alexander Ebin



Joshua Fairchild



Ethan Feldman



Joseph Frenkel



Marco Geraci



Matthew Graff



Lucky Gretzinger



Grunge



Gabe Jakubowicz



Daniel Joseph



Jarett Karlsberg



Eugene Kostalevsky



Scott Kunstadt



Gregory Lanzara



# Boys Cabins



Matthew McGorry



Benjamin Medeiros



Seth Mickenberg



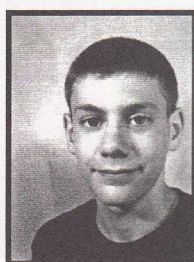
Bill Miner



Samuel Palitz



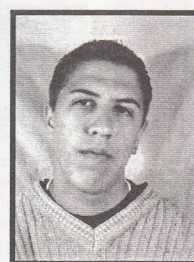
Aaron Rabinowitz



Ben Ragen



Alex Rosenthal



Paul Santoro



Toby Squier-Royer



Matyas Stahl



Adam Stern



Peter Stern



Matthew Taylor



Jeremy Thomas



Tobias Wasser



Eli Wolkoff



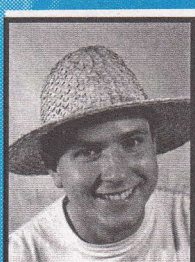
Max Wolkowitz



Max Yeston



Alex Yule



Chris Haske



Joshua Wiffen



Matthew Wittmer



# Girls House Up



Julia Adolphe



Rachel Egan



Lara Garber



Sydney Gold



Annie Hurwitz



Carly Levin



Rebecca Lieb



Miriam Marek



Hilarie Meyers



Helen Peros



Christina Rose



Nina Stoller-Lindsey



Alexa Van Gilder



Lindsey Walaski



Natali Wind



Jackie Adnams  
Guidance



Lori Iserson



# Girls House Down



Eloise Barrow



Fluffy Blaustein



Esther Boas



Clio Calman



Steffany Carretero



Mollie Echeverria



Jewel Feldman



Kirsten Flaherty



Ari Gimbel



Michelle Harris



Nell Hawley



Neala Horner



Molly Kapor



Rebecca Lipman



Rebecca Lofchie



Rosie Newton-Hornung



Aviadne Pavlakis



Kimera Rosen



Rebecca Siegel



Vanessa Steckman



Bianca Brizzi



Erin Moffat



# Girls Annex One



Lily Azrielant



Naomi Becker



Vanessa Berenstein



Rebekah Diamond



Alessandra DuBose-Gilliland



Gia Dupree



Lee Elfassy



Sarah Elswit



Samantha Gold



Becky Goldberg



Lauren Goldblum



Carolyn Hart



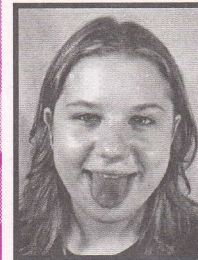
Liz Kaplan



Samantha Kramer



Laurel Lachowicz



Paige Lipari



Ilana Lustbader



Abbey Marr



Liysa Mendels



Ashley Morgenthal



# Girls Annex One



Melanie Moss



Gab Novick



Theresa Omansky



Haley Ott



Joanna Rifkin



Malorie Savran



Laura Silverstein



Sara Weinbrom



Audrey Bethel  
Guidance



Mary Bobokis  
Guidance



# Girls Annex Two



Leila Adell



Rori Alter



Elizabeth Brody



Anne Buchwald



Michelle DeLeon



Rebecca Fabbro



Jesse Freedman



Laura Griskus



Dara Gruskin



Julia Hammond



Juliana Mandell



Lizi Menaker



Adara Meyers



Zoe Mills



Elizabeth Newman



Sarah O'Brien



Caitlin Pawson



Jocelyn Perldeiner



Kathryn Prescott



Rachel Rose



# Girls Annex Two



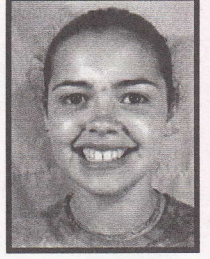
Deborah Sandler



Rachel Schragis



Rachel Schweitzer



Sara Scott



Michelle Traub



Julia Wiener



George Lazarus  
Guidance



Adrienne Lloyd  
Guidance



# Girls Annex Cabins



Kayla Arslanian



Joana Avillez



Sarah Butler



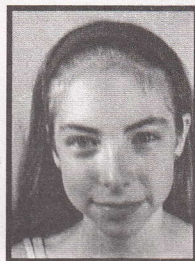
Elise Garber



Lisa Haubenstock



Tiffany Hickman



Alana Jacoby



Emma Kaufman



Katie Kramer



Lindsay Long-Waldor



Samantha Mirlesse



Kate Monaghan



Elyse Nava



Katie Ort



Laurel Pantin



Courtney Paye



Sonhie Pauze



Marissa Penn



Elena Ramesar



Melissa Reich



# Girls Annex Cabins



Lucy Robins



Lauren Schneider



Ruth Shannon



Kate Shusterman



Stephanie Sonsino



Cara Stewart



Hedley Stone



Laura Wolkoff



Bree Zucker



Amber Parmele  
Guidance



Kristen Scott  
Guidance



# Girls Cabins



Susannah Bragg



Rebecca Clark



Barbara Flitt



Tory Giardina



Olivia Gilliatt



Emily Goodman



Mikaela Gross



Elizabeth Hannah



Leanne Harpin



Alison Heimer



Sarah Hoyer



Katie Kaplan



Jessica Kozinn



Sara Kreisel



Anne Levy



Amelia Miller



Lauren Pellegrino



Emma Powell



Saige Raymond



Becky Roberts-Walsh



# Girls Cabins



Rachel Sacks-Hoppenfeld



Annie Schapira



Paula Sharpe



Adrienne Silver



Alison Singer



Savannah Stranger



Rose Weiss



Carol Winick



Karen Duncan  
Guidance



KC Jones  
Guidance



# Girls Terrace One



Eve Bertin-Lang



Emily Boyd



Lisa Cayone



Rachel Cooyer



Jamie Dresher



Rebecca Fox



Alix Freireich



Miranda Gandall-Danish



Anne Guest



Meredith Heil



Lauren Kellner



Mollie Laffin-Rose



Danielle Lipson



Julie Martin



Alana Michel



Caryn Morrow



Antonia Pocock



Gabrielle Reed



Emily Reichman



Alex Ripp



# Girls Terrace One



Leslie Rosenberg



Dina Rudofsky



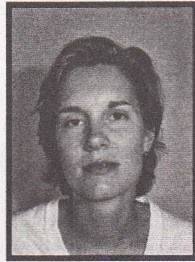
Ruby Smyth-McEnroe



Addison Walz



Bianca Cameron  
Guidance



Holly Jerger  
Guidance



# Girls Terrace Two



Rachel Anscher



Marissa Antosh



Marissa Block



Rachel Breckman



Caitlin Bronston-Flynn



Stephanie DePaolis



Alix Derner



Alison Desrochers



Lee Fogel



Brianna Friedman



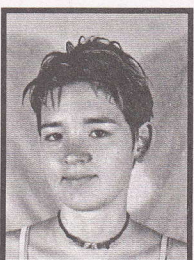
Chelsea Geller



Rebecca Groberg



Takami Iijima



Laila Kouri



Kristina Krakowski



Amanda Maurer



Nicole Mayhew



Marion Morel



Chantal Ozyez



Katherine Reilly



# Girls Terrace Two



Samantha Silverstein



Laurel Smoliar



Lynsday Wilson



Eliza Zeitlin



Tanya Brown  
Guidance



Nicola Law  
Guidance



# Counselors In Training



Jenny Bartko



Rachel Berman



Jesse Blatt



Kate Blaustein



Benjamin Boas



Sarah Brochin



Jonah Buchanan



Briana Carlson-Goodman



Jamie Davidson



Jessie Fahay



Chris Feczko



Kate Ferencz



Jordan Fish



Simon Fornari



David Glasser



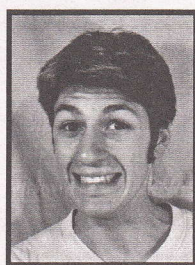
Sarah Goff



Jonathan Golbe



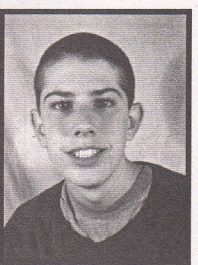
Barrie Golden



Scott Goodman



Celia Gorman



Bobby Gottfried



Lindsay Greenbaum



Tassie Haial



Allison Hirschlag



Rosa Iurievics



# Counselors In Training



Shana Kalson



Heidi Katz



Leticia Landa



Gabrielle Lang



Jen 'Rai-T' Langton



Hana Liebowitz



Vicki Litvinov



Lauren Menahem



Max Miller



Bari Morris



Danielle Neff



Alex Perlin



Amanda Preston



Kelly Reid



Zoe Reiff



Amanda Resnikoff



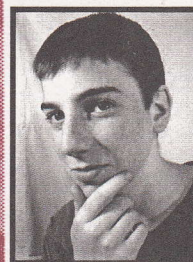
Samantha Rosenbaum



Tracy Rubin



Casey Sabol



Scott Satkin



Adam Schliff



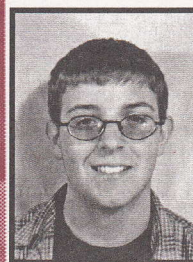
Madeline Shanira



Brad Smith



Charlotte Smith



May Stein



# Counselors In Training



Jen Straus



J. P. Stringham



Ross Treyz



Jared Wasser



Emily Weiner



Alexander Weyrin



Mimi Winick



Beth Wolfson



Natalie Wolfson



Isaac Yager



Roxanne Yaghoubi



Jason Fellerman  
Guidance



Allison Roohi  
Guidance



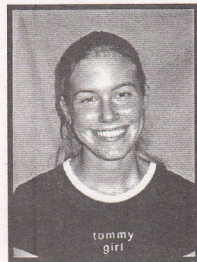
# Second Session Girls



Barbara Acuna



Alexandra Ambrosini



Laura Andrews



Gabrielle Archer



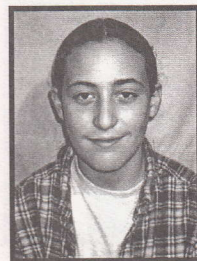
Leah Arpadi



Sarah Barnett



Emma Bergman



Rachel Bergmann



Sara Berks



Willa Blank



Bethany Boles



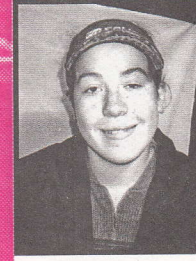
Stephanie Buhle



Emma Cardeli



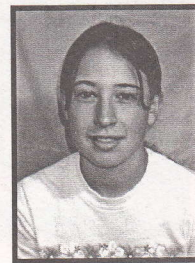
Vienna Cohn



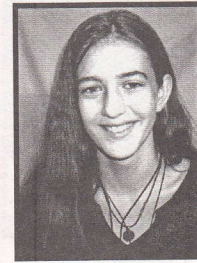
Lydia Dann



Meghan Donnelly



Sophia Dumaine



Amelia Edelman



Kerry Eickholt



Katherine England



Julia Evans



Laura Feinstein



Ravann Fellerman



Elena Fichtel



Jane Fischer



# Second Session Girls



Allegra Fisher



Nina Fixell



Jillian Fox



Leah Gillman



Caroline Goldsmith



Jessica Gordon



Lily Harden



Shannon Harvey



Jessica Henderson



Samantha Hyner



Caren Jensen



Sophie Kaiko



Allison Kline



Ellen Kobak



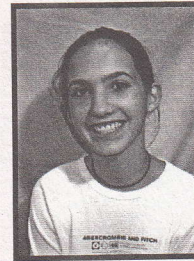
Jaclyn Korman



Nicole Kouri



Yelena Kreymer



Marlene Krokowski



Alana Leviton



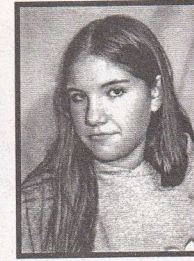
Kiera Lichter



Alex Litvinov



Meaghan Lynch



Corrine Manchester



Elinor Marhoe



Mathilda McGee-Tubb



# Second Session Girls



Sharon McPeck



Ali Millard



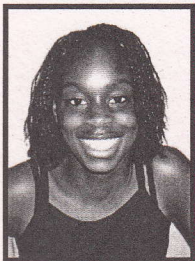
Sarah Mills-Dirlam



Milena Mladenovic



Lauren Mustello



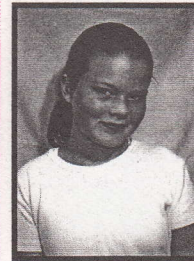
Shazin Nurse



Leah Pillsbury



Bailly Roesch



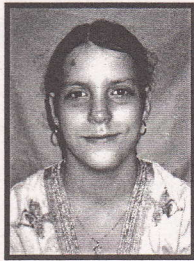
Jane Rogers



Maud Rohrer



Jaya Saxena



Joanna Schiff



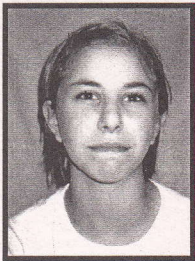
Sara Schneider



Katharine Schub



Alexis Schuster



Arielle Schwartz



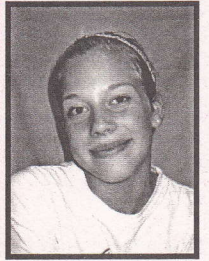
Sasha Silcox



Colleen Smith



Marie Smith



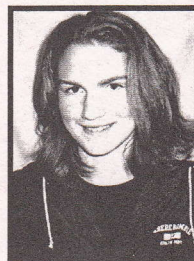
Stephanie Smith



Brittany Smeiman



Leslie Stenhenson



Melissa Stern



Anna Suhin



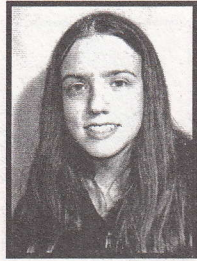
Audrey Temmelman



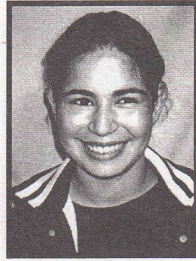
# Second Session Girls



Ariel Thomas



Margaret Thomas



Meryl Tochen



Jenna Trostle



Sasha Wasserman



Ariel Wentworth



Dana Wickens



Libby Wilkins



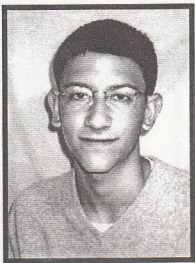
Suzanne Wulach

These campers were not available to be photographed.

Jessica Berger	Daryl Caggiano
Pamela Fischer	Kaitlin Forgash
Esther Friedman	Braden Goyette
Erin Johnson	Nathalie Levey
Kelly Lewis	Jeanette McPeck
Blair Mosner	Haley Wollens
Dayna Yellin	



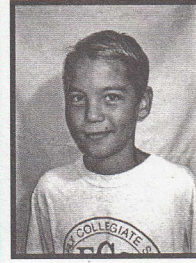
# Second Session Boys



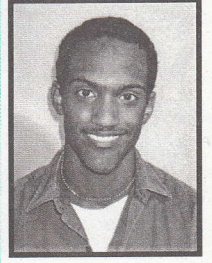
Paul Arnhold



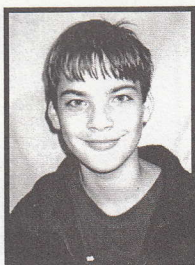
Colin Beckett



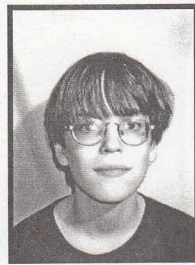
Micah Beckwith



Stefan Byrd-Krueger



Adam Chodoff



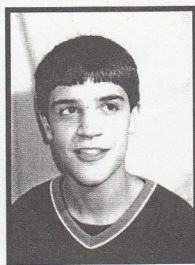
Andrew Dawson



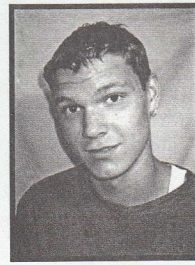
Max Dorfman



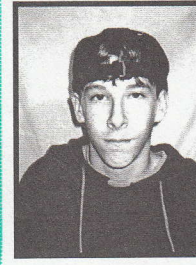
Eric Fisher



Clayton Flynn



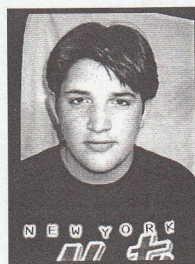
Richard Hempel



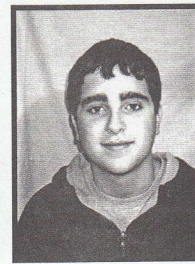
John Johnson



Erik Kaiko



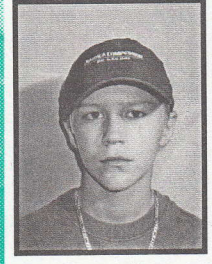
Daniel Mendelson



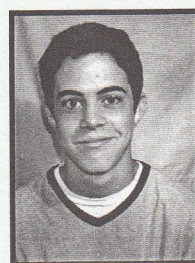
Ari Moore



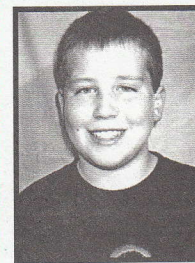
Harald Olsen



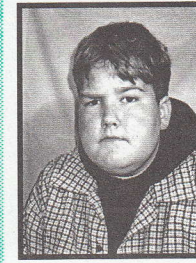
Kai Qualben



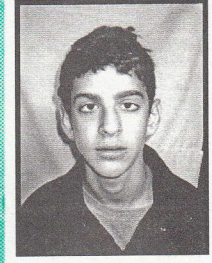
Alexander Becker



Sam Ragal



Max Scoville



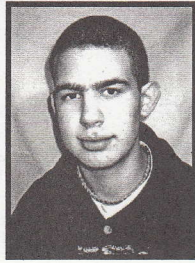
Noah Sokoloff



# Second Session Boys



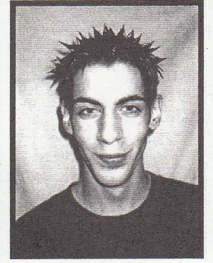
Alex Sterling



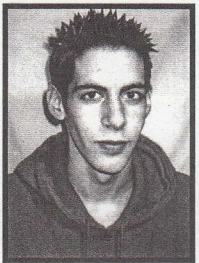
Ian Stewart



Robert Terenzio



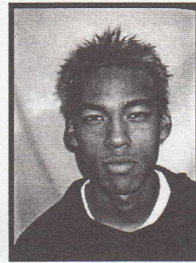
Jordan Weiner



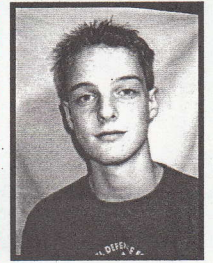
Kyle Weiner



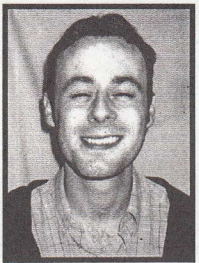
Nathan Williams



Tolleiv Williams



Alex Wyles



Jon Leigh

Second Session Counselor

These campers were not available to be photographed.

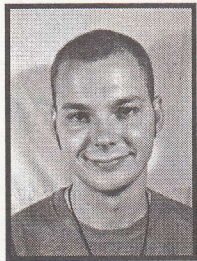
Devin Armour	Loren Cardell
Emil Crystal	Benjamin Gould
Kenneth Horner	Christopher Jensen
Eric Johnson	Robert Kissner
Shane Moynihan	Reid Schwartz
Alex Wiseman	



# Staff



Michael Ajerman  
Art Shop



Robert Allison  
Wood



Paula Alter  
Nurses



Peter Andrews  
Maintenance



Penny Beale  
Dance



Emily Benson  
Ceramics



Stefanie Berks  
Art Shop



Jreneusz Bernys  
Maintenance



Erika Blumberg  
Music



Jeffrey Paul Bobrick  
Video



Dariusz Boezkowski  
Maintenance



Tatyana Boudakova  
Costume



Wiley Bowen  
Costume



Adam Bracher  
Set Design



Annie Brauer  
Sewing



Kurt Briggs  
Music



Amy Brocklebank  
Weaving



Anita Brook-Dupree  
Office



Cheryl-Anne Brummer  
Video



Hana Buckova  
Kitchen





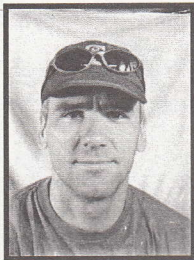
# Staff



Timothy Cable  
Maintenance



Beverley Canepari  
Administration



Forrest Canepari  
Maintenance



Hillary Cohn  
Music



Renee Cometa  
Music



Kristy Conetta  
Nanny



Jo Cook  
Batik



Sarah Cooke  
Metals



Gina Costagliola  
LSD



David Crabb  
Photo



Luis Crespo  
Glass



Morgan Dack  
Batik



Tamara DeSilva  
Ceramics



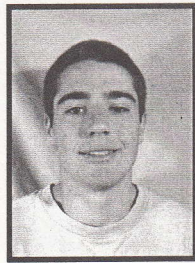
Larry Dibble  
Theatre



Bob Dicke  
Publications



Pam Dicke  
Sewing



Steve Dicke  
Sports/Canteen



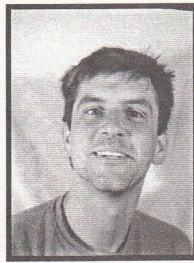
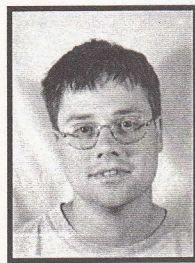
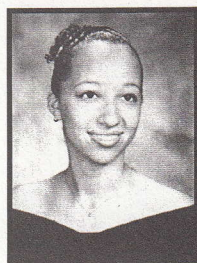
Bruce Ducat  
Theatre



Joelle Dunham  
Theatre



Richard Dunham  
Set Design





# Staff



Sara Folit-Weinberg  
Photo



Chris Forby  
Art Shop



Tracy Formica  
Nurses



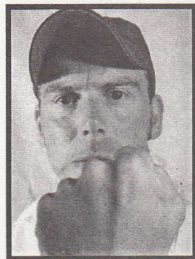
Kate Gandall  
Costume



Laura Gershman  
Music



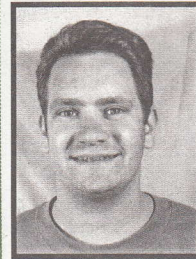
Edward Giordano  
Sculpture



Ian Gittins  
Kitchen



Heather Glencross  
Office



Geoffrey Goldman  
Radio



Lyndsey Goodchild  
Nurses



Christopher Goodson  
Wood



Ellen Goodwin  
Art Shop



Jeff Greenberg  
LSD



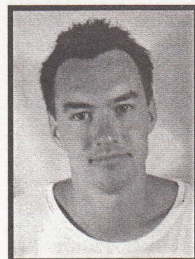
Tim Greenway  
Set Design



Maximilian Grigore Ilea  
Maintenance



Peter Habala  
Fencing - Pioneering



Tomas Hajek  
Kitchen



Heidi Handelsman  
Evening Activities



Robin Harris  
Maintenance

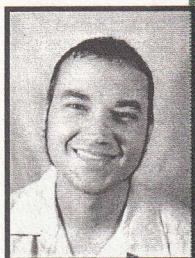


Nigel Hedges  
Driver





# Staff



Marc Hughes  
Publications



Jamie Hutchison  
Sculpture



Rob Isabella  
Studio 59



Ryan Iverson  
Clown



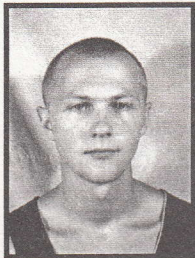
Ian Jackson  
Publications



Jessica Katz  
Glass



Pic Katz  
Glass



Ilya Khomich  
Kitchen



Warren Kirsten  
Wood



Emma Kirwan  
Publications



Brett Kizner  
Publications



Vonda Kordikova  
Housekeeping



Grzegorz Kosiorowski  
Kitchen



Alena Kostiviarova  
Housekeeping



Zuzana Kotulakova  
Housekeeping



Eva Kovacikova  
Housekeeping



Anna Krewer  
Publications



Rob Kuroyatwa  
Office



Sonya Kuroyatwa  
Dance



Sam Kusnetz  
LSD



Paul Lawarcha



Emma Lotheron



Ahlry Levin



Emily Mann



Kate Martin



# Staff



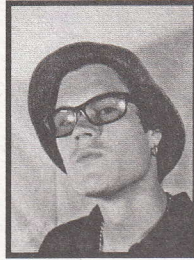
Sharon Mason

Sewing



Brian McCarthy

Studio 59



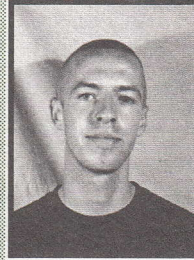
Chris McGhie

Publications



Travis McKnight

Swimming



Mikita Mebichenka

Kitchen



Afsof Miah

Nurse



Lucie Mikesova

Kitchen



Anne Mondro

Metals



Jose Monteiro

Theatre



Amanda Moore

Music



Shawn Moore

Kitchen



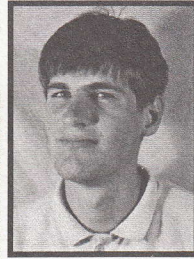
Peter Morrill

Music



Leah Moskowitz

Evening Activities



Petr Motlicek

Maintenance



Lesley Muir

Kitchen



Elizabeth Nesoff

Radio



Stephen Nichols

ESD



Catherine Noble

Pioneering



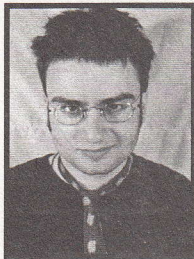
Pamela Nurse

Sewing



Anastassia Orel

Costume





# Staff



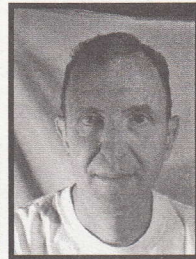
Eric Powers  
LSD



Laura Pratt  
Theatre



Richard Price  
Art Shop



Don Pudell  
Administration



Rita Pudell  
Office



Vasili Rabshtyna  
Kitchen



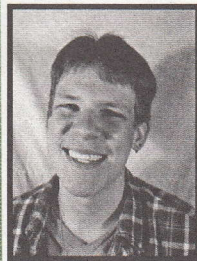
Mike Radosh  
Music



Penny Rakov  
Glass



Sharon Raymond  
Leather



David Reiersen  
LSD



Nick Rhodes  
PASS



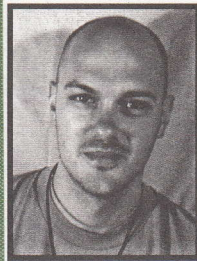
Jessica Richardson  
Book Arts



Jason Riffaterre  
PASS



Fred Rosenberg  
Music



Alex Roskin  
Wood



Sara Ross  
Metals



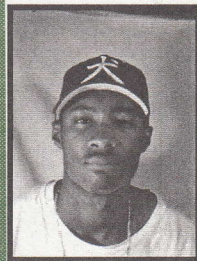
Emery Roth  
Music



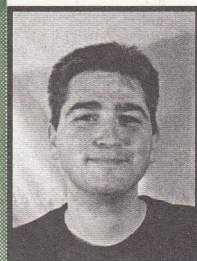
Carmel Rovere  
Tennis



Ivan Rubenstein-Gillis  
Music



Steve Ryan  
Kitchen

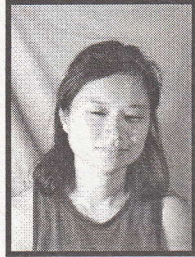




# Staff



Kate Tuck  
PASS



Elizabeth Tung  
Set Design



Bryan Van Brunt  
Video



Jill Vasbinder  
Dance



Hana Vojtechova  
Kitchen



Jen Weekes  
Animal Farm



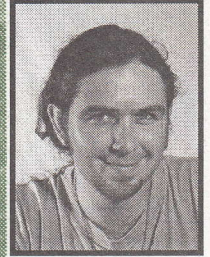
Jessica Weiss  
Dance



Sara Wolkowitz  
Clown



Anja Workman  
Kitchen



Devin Workman  
Studio 59



Julie Wormald  
Animal Farm



Lenore Wright  
Animal Farm



Ben Yomtov  
Kitchen



Harriet Yomtov  
Office



Erica Zeller  
Photo



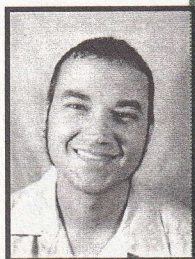
Jasmine Zerk  
Leather



Jason Zimbler  
Theatre



# Staff



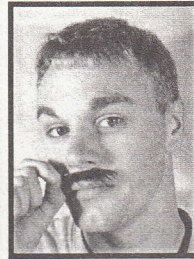
Marc Hughes  
Publications



Jamie Hutchison  
Sculpture



Rob Isabella  
Studio 59



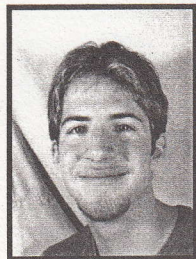
Ryan Iverson  
Clown



Ian Jackson  
Publications



Jessica Katz  
Glass



Pic Katz  
Glass



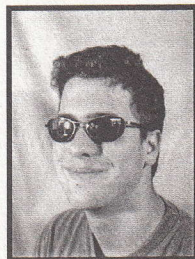
Ilya Khomich  
Kitchen



Warren Kirsten  
Wood



Emma Kirwan  
Publications



Brett Kizner  
Publications



Vonda Koráikova  
Housekeeping



Grzegorz Kosiorowski  
Kitchen



Alena Kostiviarova  
Housekeeping



Zuzana Kotulakova  
Housekeeping



Eva Kovacicova  
Housekeeping



Anna Krewer  
Publications



Rob Kuropatwa  
Office



Sonya Kuropatwa  
Dance



Sam Kusnetz  
LSD





Pam, Steve & Bob Dicke



# Staff

# Families

Mickey, Laura, Emily & Dylan Morris



Forrest, Bev, Lady & Jet Canepari



Joelle, Rich, Clark & Pichu Dunham



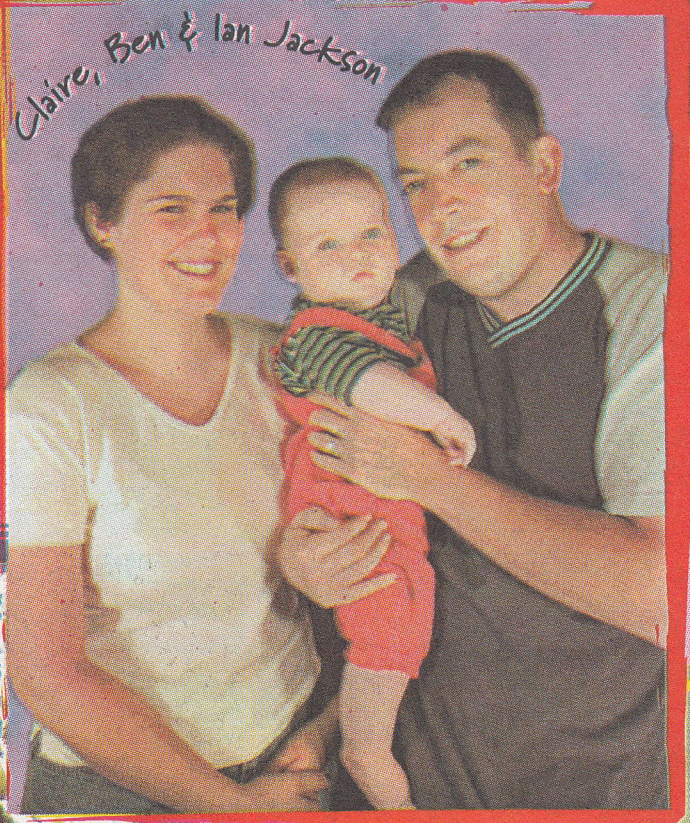
# Staff Families

Rori, Paula & Sam Alter



Tracy, Cristiana & G Formica

Claire, Ben & Ian Jackson



Pamela & Shazin Nurse

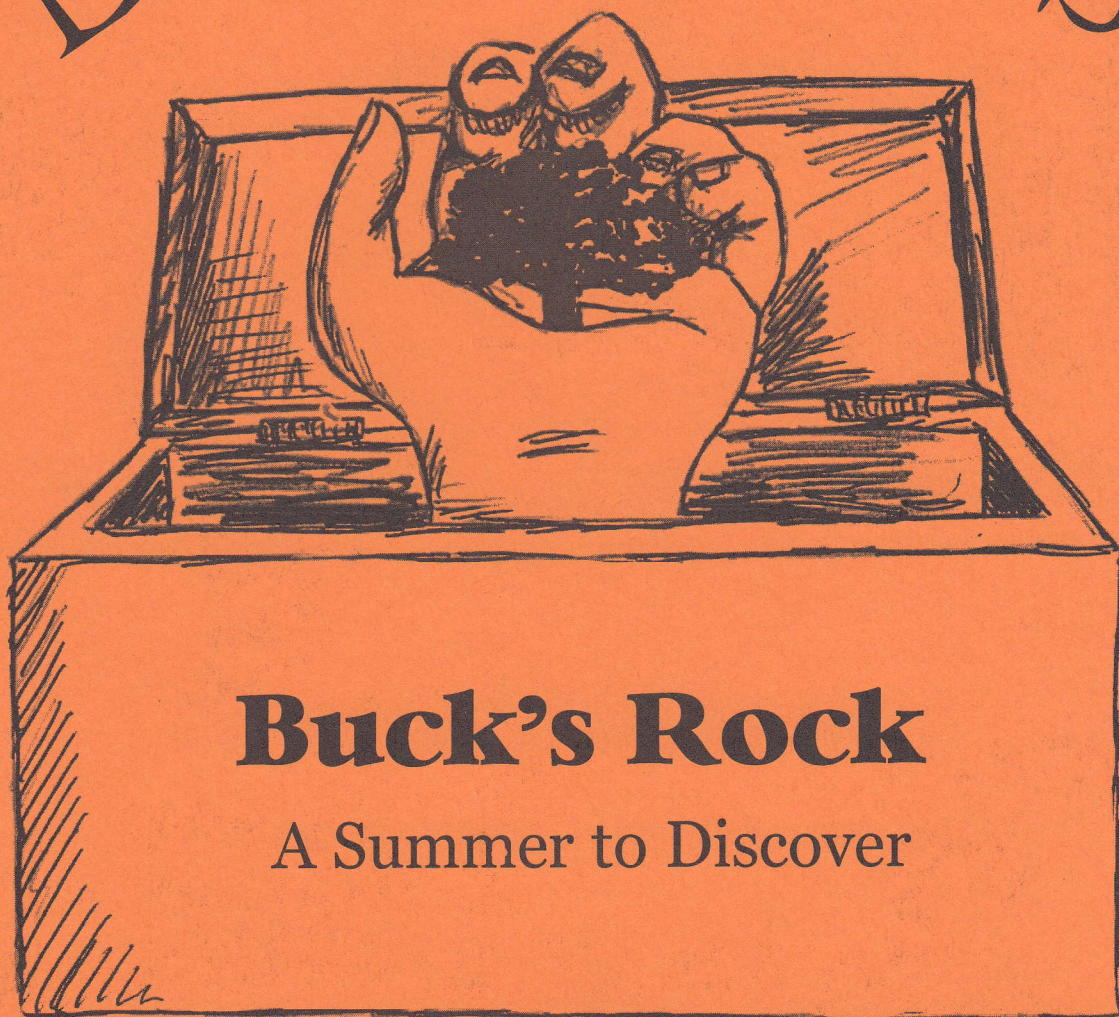


Nat & Sam Budin





# EDITORIALS



## **Buck's Rock**

A Summer to Discover



*"I will write this down, and then I will not be alone again."*

*- Dar Williams*



Please take note: "It is a much cleverer thing to talk nonsense than to listen to it." – O. Wilde

Right now I'm in the middle of one of the most peaceful moments of this wonderfully intense summer, and I still think I'll go deaf from all the noise. The experiences that I have during my time here are what make me able to face each coming year with my head put back on in a relatively straight position. It is primarily this, rather than any other reason, that causes me to dole out an excessive amount of thank-yous and other types of general abuse... first, much love to my bunkmates – **Tassie** – "wow, look at me, I have a scarf" – your ability to bring absolutely idyllic bunks

into existence amazes me, you're my favorite platonic

Yenta, love for all three years of harmony. **Kate**

– "we don't actually get to be one collective gay man, do we?" – well, Ken will

always exist in our hearts, and at least we can still be the two head-

ed sweater monster, here's for glam and glitter always and

providing the picture on this page. **Leticia** – "But think how happy the earth is!" –

your optimism astounds

(disgusts) me ::grin::, yay

for learning to play guitar,

big ugly dogs, and putting up

with my general lack of clean-

liness. Now to the overly beautiful Pub people – what \*are\* we

insinuating? the world may never know... **Natalie**, thanks for being such a

wonderful co-editor, I couldn't have pulled

anything off without your help. Thanks to **Bob** for

keeping this shop slightly sane throughout all the madness,

**Ian** for "betting hour" in the Pub shoppe, "Inside Pandora's *what??*" monkey double-entendres, and endless side comments while running the presses

(are you \*sure\* he's not a girl?), **Karen** because your ears are made of

paraffin, your imaginary afro-canadian boyfriend plays the saw (when

\*did\* we all drop acid?), and not meaning to be Fascist during workshops;

**Emma** – identical twins perhaps? Drooling in unison for oil covered Ewan,

subliminal laughing cues, "But eighteen is legal!" and "twelve inches of

pure joy"; VG night when you come to DC! **Marc** – for being one member

of my favorite threesome, punk rock pants/hair, ::high piercing scream::

"When did N'Sync get in our closet?!", Brett's magic box, and sock puppets.

**Chris** for the Pub t-shirt, "never leaving anything till the last minute" and

friends with the rock garden, and "having a lion"; **Brett** for "keeping me on my toes" and other inappropriate positions, much guidance, and taking the time to disprove your reputation every once in a while; **Nick** for talks during house duty, spastic monkeys, 3 am 7/19/01, and for shutting up and going to college – *so long and thanks for all the fish...* **Pub CILs**, all I can say is that we were incredibly lucky to be stuck together in this absolutely spas-

modic shop; white brick house, anyone? **Celia**, pub kitten, what would I

have done without you? Here's to being intellectually antisocial and conver-

sations heard through the walls; **Dani**, lots of love to my fifth bunkmate –

Paxil Face!! Should you go back to your room? I don't think you

should...woodsdy stoners who don't chop wood, or get stoned; **Scott** for being

one of those listening people, Zor the gong dragon, and let-

ting me harass you for artwork despite your hatred

of Pub; **Mimi** for being my lifeline, helping

batik cheat, and doing *bad* things; we'll

have our wild-and-crazy party soon

enough; **Lauren** for sticking by me

even though we work together;

**everyone** else who took over our

room – we really do love you,

we just need to sleep some-

times; **the rooms next-door**

for amusement and random

acts of kindness, **Jason** for

"johnny and the phillip's head

screw," **Allison** for keeping us

slightly in line; **Sam** for staying.

**Skunk-Wrap™** for being so

incredibly rank, **press ink** for never

completely removing itself from my

body, **tango orange** for existing in the

form of tic-tacs, **Kurt Cobain** for being dead

sexy, **British and Australian people** for having bet-

ter swear words than we do, **Qui-Gon and Jar Jar** for sex-

ual tension, **signs I made** for being completely ineffective ("No grinding in

the Pub Shop," etc.), **Chris and Eric** for visiting us and being sorely missed,

**CILs 2000** for the bus-pushing orgy and never shutting up, **the editors** of

Inside Pandora's Box for doing a wonderful job, **my family** for unconditional

love, and **Ernst** for remembering. I know that I have forgotten probably half

the people that mean anything and everything, and if you're one of them,

you should know me well enough to know that my brain is often quite non-

functional – I apologize profusely. Please keep in touch, I live for ways to

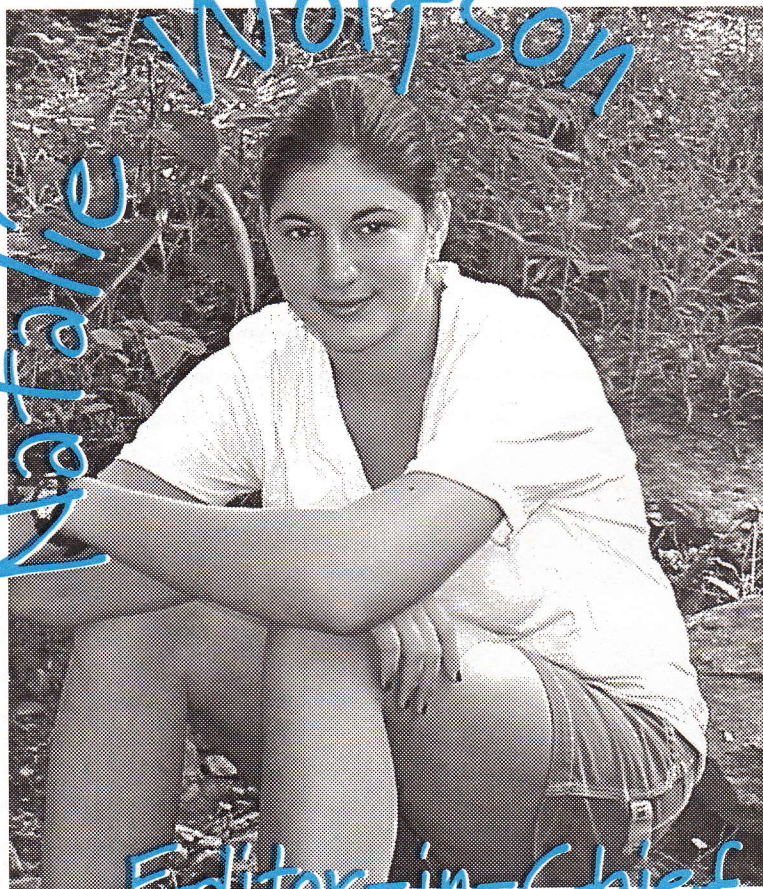
keep off task during the year. Stay fabulous while I'm not around, I'll miss

you all incredible much.

Love and Rockets,







Wolfson

Natalie

Editor-in-Chief

"Unity. A sense of togetherness... The idea that one can retain their individuality while still being part of a close knit group. These ideas are everything that Circle of One represents."

Chaos. A sense of utter panic. The horrible obscenity of anarchy running loose in the Pub Shop. Blood, toil, tears and sweat; these ideas are everything that Pandora's Box represents.

"Hello again, Mr. Shipman, I see that I will never be able to rid your hampering spirit from my cynical fountain of creativity."

Notes such as these inspired us onward; gave us such incredible confidence that we cried and wet our pants (the moral support people didn't like that). Of course we had to restrain ourselves and move onward. We had to suppress our joy and tears in order to continue tapping until our fingers bled from typing, and bodily fluids were drowning us with their stench.

OK, so it wasn't that bad. But it was close.

Anyways... That was what JP would have written, had he been an editor. Now back to your regularly scheduled editorial...

I guess I'll start with thanking everyone for making this such a great summer for me. So, here goes...

Lindsay: I have known you since middle school. You were one of my only friends when I came into Solomon Schechter and, as I grow older and face new experiences, I find that you are one of my only true friends. You are a wonderful and caring person, and I'm lucky to have you as my friend. Thank you, Lauren, for being a wonderful friend. I'm so glad I got to know you better this summer. Thanks for grinding in the pub shop and for being my diet buddy. ("pssss...") Thank you, JP. You have always supported me in every thing I do. You are my best friend, and I don't know what I would do without you. And thank you for teaching me Q-basics. (yay for clouding my mind with bad programming stuff!) vicki (it's in lowercase!), thank you for putting your room up for rent, biting me, my winks, and your lovely fireside chats and demonstrations concerning blue iridescent "dirty things." And thank you, vicki's little black bag. Thank you, octagonites (Jen, Lindsay, Bethie, Amanda, Madeline, Briana, Sam, vicki, and Rosa). This was the greatest cabin ever. We da bomb! (...) Thank you Bethie, especially. "rubs cheek against Beth's" (heehee). I'm sorry, Amanda, that we weren't as close as last year. You have been such a good friend, and I love you. Jen (Rai-T), thank you for being so easily phased by the sight of non-cabin members in our bunk, and for the boxers in your laundry (sorry about that). Thank you, Rosa, for laughing at Beth and me. (make the face, make the face!). "Psssh. Rarararara..." Much thanks for being my sexy biatch. Thank you, Jen S., for being a great editor-in-chief, and for agreeing with my opinions about "Brett." And thank you for taking the first \$\*&\*%! page of the editorial section! You should be happy that I never hold a grudge. I'd also like to thank all the CITs for pushing the bus that lovely night at the Lichtfield Jazz Festival. And thank you, Lindsay, for volunteering your body should we run out of food and have to sacrifice someone for the good of the tribe. Thank you, Nick, for being da coolest JC evah. You da bomb. Oh! And hooray for the Shrinkwrapped Monkey (who, in your absence, we have named "Nick"). Thank you, Brett, for... well, for being you. (...) Thank you, Marc (I wanna be sedated), Karen (you can always make me laugh), Jon (your little army of rocks), Emma (twelve inches of pure joy and Qui-gon is bigger than Ken), Chris, Ian, Bob, and all four of our pubbie campers. ...and thank you Sam Nagourney for being such a great help and for saving my sanity (hooray). You da bomb too.

I applied to be CIT in this shop because it is da coolest, friendliest shop in camp. I love the pub staff, and I love working here, and hopefully I'll be back again next summer. Thank you, pub, for one of the best summers of my life, and of course, thank you Ernst, for making this summer possible.



Yelena Victoria Litvinov, aka

**v i c k i**  
full writing editor & quasi-photo-chic

[...insert meaningful comment here...]

hmm, now for the necessary thank-yous & in-jokes, because that is what must be done.

first, i want to thank all the *pubbies* for dealing with me, my stories, my whining, and my angry-white-lesbian music all summer, and for never failing to make fun of me (there WAS a white brick house, dammit!). special thanks to bob's zen, ian's baby, marc's a\*\*hole-bf story & blue hair, karen's scooby-doo stuff & house-duty/hang-out@GT1 time, emma's 12 inches of pure joy & horror medical stories & writing workshop innuendos, chris's cartoons & general good looks, jon's rocks & british cuteness, brett's silly bragging girl stories, and nick's shrink-wrapped monkey. and thanks to natalie, jen, lauren, & kelly for being the yummy fellow-cits you are.

now, in only some semblance of an order (bunkmates, cits, campers, etc), *my friends...*  
*rosa j* for being my best stumpy crispy fugly skanky bunkmate of 3 years, hobbit feet, the annie monologues, "if i gave you a pig...", "don't touch my butt!" & *kielbasa!* *jen l* for being a mother, tubing monkeys, & sitting on ducks' faces. *natalie w* for dealing with jp jokes, stealing the black bag, soft cheeks, & trying to seduce me. *lindsay g* for getting me over sewing-phobia, writing "rogue kielbasa," evil pikachu, & being a sexy thang. *beth w* for not being a ditz, getting a hickey from vicki, being bad in bed but good under the tent, soft cheeks + blanket, & "beth good thirza bad!" *amanda r* for being bunk mommy, "big blue," reminding me to put my shirt on, & the blue latex. *brianna c-g* for being my baby chimpanzee, a total cutie, & for meat gummi-bears. *madeline s* for being uninnocent & for enduring noise at night. *sam r* for naughty stories & also dealing w/ night-time noise. *lauren m*, fellow writing girl, for listening to informative lectures, "pss...", sexy backed guys at the lake, & fun under the tent. *simon f* for being the cuddly guy on the video couch, licking fingers, enjoying hairlessness, & for being wonderfully platonic. *jen s* for always being covered in ink, awesome eye makeup, & fun at the lake. *kelly r* for his bear chest, making me be an owl, & being a generally nice ex. *jp* for beng too skinny, squawking, living in our bunk, & enduring natalie jokes. *jordan f* for the comfy blanket & being a cuddly teddy bear. *david g* for never being around. *dani n* for hearing informative lectures & being gorgeous. *aaron r* for reminding me i'm useless, & for being half an inch taller but still a young'n. *aaron b* for being at glass-blowing far too long & for fuzzy hair. *kat r* for making fun of me far too much, cuteness, & being performing arts girl. *juli m* for "equal opportunity employer," "i cant hear you!" & too much ani. *ally d* for being the coolest hippy ever. *noodlez* for loving my blue sweater & fun at hair. *stephanie d* for awesome hair & being an amazing little sister. *paige l* for being my other amazing little sister, & having cool leopard stuff. *laila k* for having a way too gorgeous torso. *jenna t* for being the prettiest girl i know & for owning too many green items. *lucy r* for writing far too much in too little time. *marie & kiera l*, my 2nd session lil sis's. also, *dave r* (though not yellow or pink) for the clancy situation & realizing i'm dirty. much apologies because i was forced to leave out far too many people. i love you all, you're the reason i'm here every year, & please don't kill me if i left you out because of my stupidity.

well, that's it for my 3rd year here. [warning: upcoming corniness...] it has been amazing, as always. this place is my home, my heaven, & these two months go by far too fast. for all my complaining, this camp has literally changed my life in way too many ways. thank you to everyone & everything here, for you have all had a part in my amazing summers. [end corniness.]

additional thanks to... white brick houses, non-intimidating notebooks, the black bag, skanky cookies, cleavage, mops, awful imacs, hiccup "bending over", all who i mooch food off of, all who slept in my bed, shaving, gooshy-ness, thirza-haters, "mop men," four richards and a cat, mao, black leather tops, leopard print, dirty feet, irridescent blue, kielbasa, ray charles, cow pants...



# Lauren Menahem

## Writing Editor



Well I must say to all, this has been a very excellent summer. Those of you who read this and did not know me, will be thoroughly confused because I am doing the same thing as every one else, private jokes. I must start off by thanking those who put up with me the most, my bunkmates. **Jamie**- Obnoxious, Pizza goldfish, the door came true. **Emily**- Blue Moon, Pizza goldfish, Emily has a ... We laughed together and danced together, most of all we kept each other awake! Next I am going to thank the bunk that was just like my own, Atlantis. **Jen**- BLT, dead sexy, no grinding in the pub shop, collective sanity committee, men in towels, "they open in the shape of his head." I loved working with you this summer. **Tassie**- Advisor Asshole, pieny, lesbian lovers. I am so glad we have spent 5 years together; you and I are the only two left from our old clique. **Kate**- turtle sandwich. **Leticia** - Big ugly dogs at Bob Marley concerts, rain. I love you guys and believe me, you helped me through this summer. Now the rest of the CITs I have become friends with this summer. I will start the CITs by saying-DIP, and bus pushing orgies. **Hana**- for all of the consoling that had to be done in our choices. **Dani**- PAXIL, 26 year old unsuccessful business men ... stoner surfers/woosy surfers. You are my favorite and you know what that means. **Mimi**- Reeses Pieces, Scotland, fortune telling under the tent, HAM, new tent doings. I am so happy that you stopped being anti-social because I missed you and your happiness. **Natalie**-

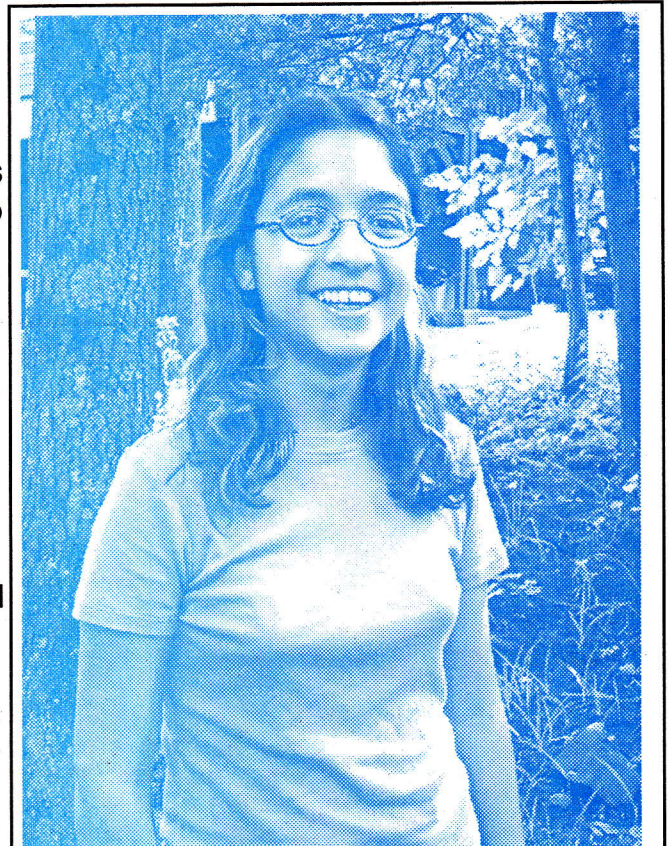
"PSSS", dirty kisses, our doggies, lawn naps, grinding in the pub shop, diet buddies. I am so glad that we got to know each other better. **Vicki**- white brick houses, "PSSS", black sex bags, you are fun to sleep with, I am glad I had you to tell things, thanks for being my teacher! **Briana**- Bus trips, blankets and dark places. I can't believe this is the first summer I knew you. **Celia**- Collective sanity committee, I am happy we were able to paste our friendship back together after some rough waters for an amazing summer together. **Zoe**- Jena and I now have to throw you off of the porch, and I will use bubble pop (some day). **Scott**- hand drawings, you make citship so much fun with your wonderfully sick mind. **Simon**- public places, we re-established our friendship this summer, rockin'. **Lindsay**- that funny colorful girl you wear around your neck, the crow, thanks for your cool clothes. **Beth** - "PSSS", cups in mouth. **Jonah**- your guitar playing gave us something to sing along to. **Ally**- Hawaiian Lais, I wish I got to see more of you this summer. **Shana**, **Barrie**, **Gabby** (sexy braids), and the rest of the tent for your strange movies and braiding sessions. **Jessie**- all of your hippie clothes. **Charolotte**- band camp, coffee. **Hi-D**- set, I loved living with you for a week. **J.P.**- making Natalie dirty, raw ramen. **Scott S. and Bobby**- your warm blankets in the rain and our "Orgies" under them. **Adam**- long nails. **Kelly**- being my fellow pubbie. I am now going to talk about my favorite JCs! To start, **Morgan**- nose strips, even though I did not get to see you as much this summer, I love you, and right now I miss you because you are in school, yuck! The two pubbie JCs- **Nick**- bright orange, slim shady, beach ball volley ball in the pub garden, "no one can shrink wrap my monkey, except for me." **Brett**- I am still one of the few left... You two created havoc, but I love you for it. **Gina**- one'oclock talks (that never happened this year). **Laura**- HAM - keep kosher. After the JCs come... the counselors. The Pubbies come first, of course. **Karen**- spider webs (not the real kind). **Emma**- 12 inches of pure joy, the shark story, Australian history classes. Thanks you two, you made writing so much fun (not that it's a hard thing to do). **Marc**- cookie monster cookies, elmo leashes. **Jon**- funny accents and History lessons. **Ian**- thank you for saving my food and being fun to sit next to during staff meetings. **Chris**- American candy. **Bob**- Thank you for being a great head of shop and teaching me about publications. **Marie**- The ear episode, I was not in your shop distracting Morgan this summer. **Katie**- Thank you for still being such a cool Kate even though I did not get to see you as much this summer. **Allison, Jason, and Johanna**- Thank you guys for all of the hard work you did to keep every one happy. **Erica**- Thanks for your hard work in chorus these past two years, you have helped me improve my singing. I also want to thank those of you former Buck's Rockers, like **Eric and Chris** (and any others that come after this is printed) for visiting. If I forgot anyone, or if I became friends with you in the last two weeks of camp, thanks. Of course, **ERNST**. I want you all to know that you are what makes Buck's Rock a haven for me. THANK YOU!

Love  
Lauren



## Roxanne Yaghoubi (Writing)

I remember sitting in my dorm room in January, being stressed out of my mind because I had two term papers due the next day, and wishing more than anything that it was July and I was at Buck's Rock. Sadly, I realized I still had way too many days until that would happen. Well, I finally got my wish, but now I am close to leaving this wonderful place again. The thought of leaving again, and possibly never coming back, saddens me to no small extent. As this is my last summer, and my last editorial, I will attempt to mention all of the people who have made an impact on me over my three years here. Probably impossible, but here it goes: First of all I thank my Crete bunkmates this year, who put up with all my annoying habits without too much complaint. **Tracy**: thank you for being a great clown AD, for not minding too much the fact that all my stuff tended to fall from my shelves and onto yours, and for living so close to me at home. **Kate**: thanks for all the Star Wars (or is it Trek?) random info, for helping me out of many a dilemma, and for being the last person to join our bunk. **Rachel**: Thank you for always "lending" me spoons and pens, for being the only other person in the bunk for about a week, and for sticking by me throughout the two years of our CITship. To all of the CITs: Keep on pushing that yellow bus... To all of the Batik staff, I thank you shamelessly for putting up with me as a CIT. To **Marie**: I know it could not have been easy to deal with me, especially last summer, but you stuck by me, and took me back this year. Thank you for that and for late-night batik sessions when we did more talking than batiking, for your ice-cream and tea, for finally teaching me how to dye, and for making me take drawing classes. To **Mimi** and **Sam**: Thanks for always switching hours with me. To all of the campers who hung out in batik: thank you for being so creative and for actually needing my help occasionally. To **Clayton** and **Emma**: thanks for being such great batik CITs, and for playing many games of cards with me. "Roxanne! You don't have to put on the red light!" To the NM PO: thanks for delivering the mail at 3, instead of at twelve almost every day. To all of the **Mailroom CITs**: thanks for understanding when I got so stressed out. "No, you cannot get your package now! Get out of the mailroom!" Thanks to all of the campers and non-mailroom CITs who helped us sort mail and clean the mailroom. To **Sarah**, thanks for cheering me up by sending me long hilarious e-mails, for meeting me in NYC where we would walk many miles, switching books with me and for being such a great friend during all three years. To **Barbara**: thank you for making me go to sleep when I was sick, always gossiping with me, and keeping me company while I worked. Thanks (in no particular order) in general to: **Leah, Margaret, Daryl, Caryn, George, the Maxes and Sara**. Thanks are especially due to all of the **pubbies of 2000**, who gave me the opportunity to be really involved in the yearbook this summer. It's been a big jump from creative support to writing, but I never regretted it. Thanks to the other writing editors for always helping to copy-edit (even if sometimes 3 people worked on the same piece). Thanks to **Jen and Natalie** for being such good editors in chief, and for not minding when I asked too many times whether there was anything for me to do. **Emma and Karen**: thanks so much for improving my writing in many small ways all summer. A special thanks to **Mickey, Laura, and Ernst** for creating this wonderful place, and giving me the opportunity to keep coming back. I am really running out of space here, so to anyone I forgot to mention, sorry. I really had the best summer of my life, and it's due to everyone in the camp, no matter





This is the only editorial that people will read?



Sam Nagourney

Thank you to:

The Pub Shop - Brett, Karen, Marc, Jon, Chris, Emma, Bob, Ian, Nick and all the wonderful CITs. Thanks to Chris for the wonderful picture (see above). Thanks to Jen and Natalie, two wonderful Editors in Chief and two wonderful people. Thanks to Celia, the Pub Kitten. Thanks to Louie for helping me through the summer.




# A Discourse on Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of High Quality European Meat

by Kelly Reid

Before I even start to write this, I feel it is necessary to make a few special thank yous: Gravity, for keeping me somewhat down to earth, the organs Liver, Spleen and Pancreas for being the butt of multiple jokes, Phillippe the iMac, for crashing multiple times while I was writing this, and funk, for without funk, one can not be funky.


I suppose I'll swim with the current for a second and do some not-so-special (but necessary) thank yous. Gracias to my bunkmates for being an interesting group of folk and for stealing my food. "Mad props" to the Clown Shop for being a lot of fun, putting on two excellent clown shows, and for having a great visiting artist, Raah Digga. Cheers to English tea with milk. Loving thanks to all the punching and binding machines in the corner of the pub shop for never quite working the way they should. A resounding THANK YOU to the twenty-something Alexs (and all variations thereof) at Buck's Rock, and the smaller (yet still large) number of Sara(h)s here as well. I would also like to express my gratitude to the numerous people who have last names of or related to "fish" (This includes Fish, Fisher, Fishbein, Fishenstien, Fishington, Fish your Wish, etc.). And thank you, Rogue Kielbasa, you sneaky sausage! To show my gratitude, I write this:



*Thank you, Kielbasa,  
for pulling me through those cold winter's nights  
where I was left with nothing to eat.*

*Thank you, Kielbasa,  
for being that salty goodness  
that can be purchased  
at some European markets.*

*Thank you, Kielbasa,  
for being there  
when all else fails.*



**Fact:** The official name of "Egyptian Ratscrew" is "Egyptian War."

My New Milford 8 time: 173.35.45 Well, I didn't REALLY run it, but multiply my mile time (20 min) and the number of miles in the New Milford 8 (eight), we then get 160 minutes. Factor in fatigue, hills, and other conditions, and we have my probable New Milford 8 time: one hundred seventy-three minutes, thirty-five seconds, and forty-five milliseconds. That's almost three hours. I could do my summer reading in that time. I could play music. I could play on my computer. I could make a new friend. That's why I didn't run the New Milford 8.

**Fact:** Shrink wrap turns into liquid fire when ignited.

So, another summer passed, another lesson learned. My great-grandmother used to say, "Ya learn something new every day." See y'all at Reunion!

-Kel

**Fact:** I like big butts, and I cannot lie.



# Zoe S. Reiff

## Art and Layout

So, I'm supposed to write an editorial. I could write about this summer and include a bunch of inside jokes and thank yous, but I'm not in the mood. This is my fifth summer at Buck's Rock. Wow, that looks like a lot when it is in writing, and I just keep coming back for more.

At this point in the summer of my first year, I had a small group of close friends (I was in GHJ, can't you tell?). Out of all of them, only one still comes here, and I haven't kept in touch with the rest.

To think, we thought we would be friends forever. But the Summer of '97 was my first truly amazing summer. I was in a play and made friends who weren't just my bunk mates.

Thus began my love affair with this small wooded area that some people call summer camp. However,

I can not give this place such an ordinary name. I've discovered a piece of who I am here, maybe it could have happened anywhere, but I doubt I would have discovered the same person.

I'm not going to pretend to be a smiling perky girl with no problems, because I'm not. But this place gets me through the year.

Whenever I'm harrassed by a homophobe, or abused by a raving Roman Catholic, I can laugh in their faces because I know I'm not a horrible person (for those reasons anyway). I can just go to my 'happy place', here. Imagine that, I'm in my 'happy place' for two out of twelve months of the year.

At this point, I consider this camp and the people I've met here my reasons to live.

I feel like maybe I over did this, but it's not my fault; the pub staff gave me a FULL PAGE to write on and I thought I would try to write something important to me, but obviously things that are important to me come out sappy. \*sighs\* Oh well, such is life.



*won't open my mouth  
you know what i'll say  
it hurts me that it's  
gotta be this way  
but i can no longer hide  
god knows i've tried  
i held on as long as i could  
if i could change it i would  
b' this is the way i am  
and this is what i do*

*i cry my tears but they're not for you  
playing a game i know you've done too  
i shouldn't have waited but still it is all the same  
'cause you know, i'm just playing my game*

*close your ears if you don't like the sound of my voice  
you're acting like i like i had a choice  
but to leave you behind  
well i made up my mind*

*i cry....*

*don't hold me with your eyes  
the light in them i can not see no need to blind me  
there's this darkness where you walk  
you thought you had your future all figured out*

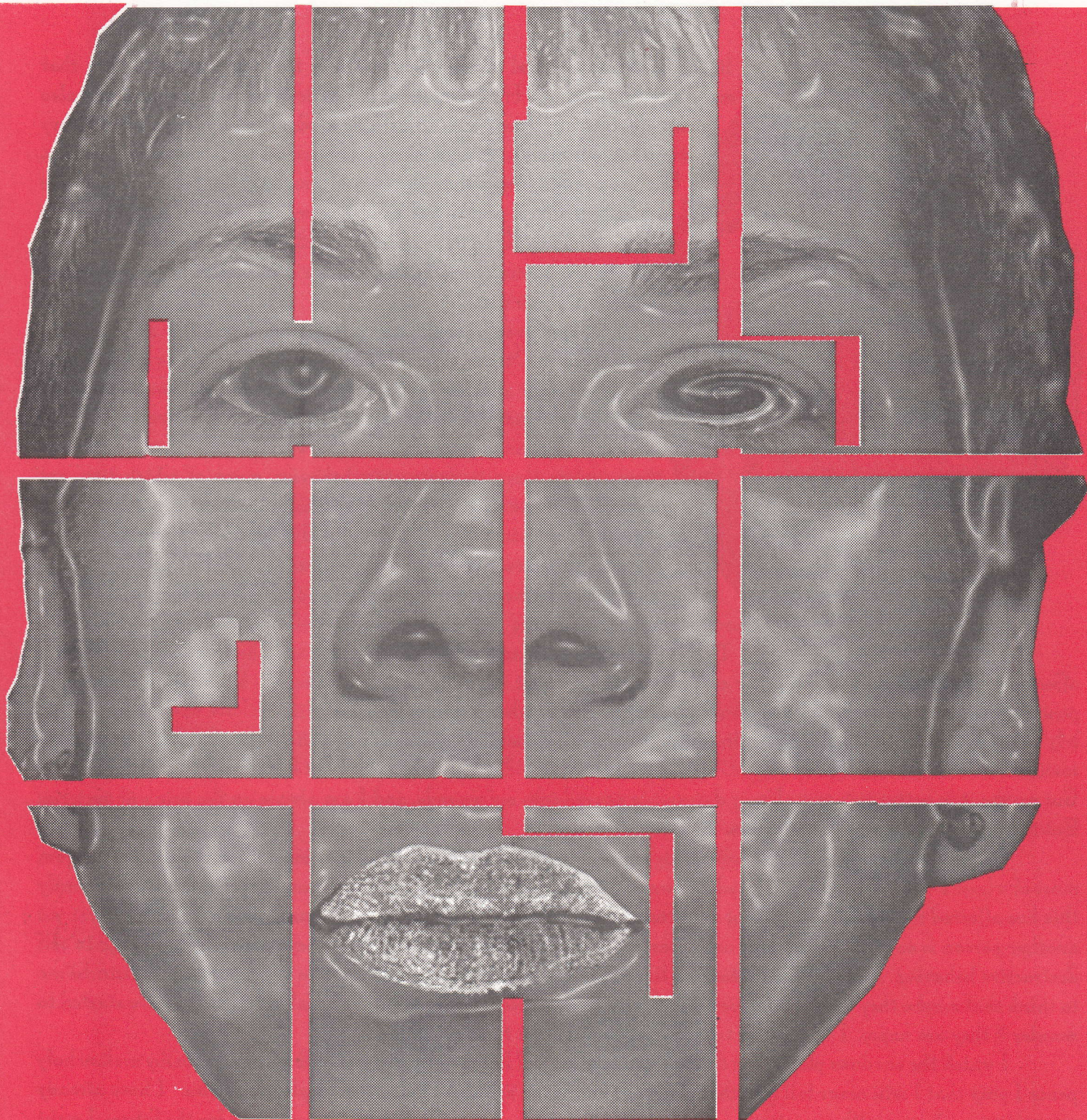
*i cry.....*

-lene martin

*Loving you all,*

*Zoe S. Reiff*

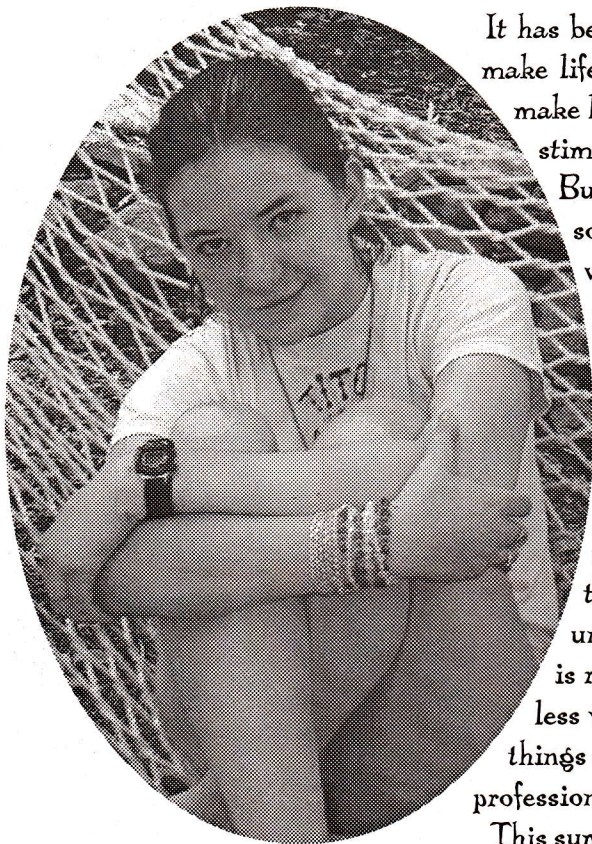




**JESSE BLATT**

**PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR**





It has been my personal observation that it is the tough things in life that make life interesting. However, these fantastic trials and tribulations also make life difficult. And these difficulties hinder our happiness, even if they stimulate our minds. A person's experiences are what shape that person. But you are also more than the sum of your experiences; there must be something else, a part of you that determines how you react from the very beginning. Despite, or perhaps because of the trials of life, some people are eternally optimistic. On the other hand, some people are eternally pessimistic.

Some lucky people are able to look upon life as one giant opportunity. Others, arguably less fortunate, see life as one catch 22 situation after another. For some reason there are people who find that they can not cope with their lives, stresses or problems. They are no less real than anyone else, but the world around them, or within them, drives them to destructive behavior, much of which they are unaware of. Some of this behavior is socially sanctioned, but much of it is regarded as deviant and disgusting and is ignored. There are countless ways to be destructive towards oneself or others. But people react to things differently. Some people write, or zone out, or listen to music, or seek professional help. Others find alternative ways of coping with life.

This summer has been an amazing experience, and one that has permanently affected me. All the shows and other commitments have kept me quite busy and stressed. Many things have happened to me, and to those that I care about. Tears fill my eyes when I think of what my friends have had to go through. My opinions and attitudes have been altered; perhaps the look behind my eyes is just a little more pained, a little more tortured, a little more resigned to my sorrows. I cannot say, if indeed I really know what has caused this change in me. But maybe it is better this way. Every day, salt is poured into my wounds, and I am always on the brink of hysteria. But I think I am healing. I do not know for sure.

I have seen horrible things happen this summer. I have also seen fantastic things. Four people that I know, most of whom I was close with, collapsed and wanted to die in the past two months. I cannot even guess at how deeply this has affected me. In truth, I am not sure that I want to know. It amazes me constantly when I discover that yet another person is so hurt, or unhappy, or depressed, or just not perfect enough that they purposefully engage in self destructive behavior. I feel so clinical talking like that. But I see so many happy people every day, and it disturbs me to think that maybe they are suicidal, or masochistic, or depressed, or drug addicts or faking it. But I have started to wonder if they are happy. I want them to be happy. I would like to be an optimist.

I watch the shadows playing on the trees and rocks, and listen to the presses and music, and in my melancholy peace I pray that I will never fall into that place again. I value my life. I value the people around me. I have already caused too much pain with my actions; I don't want to cause more. I apologize for the past, and for the future. I want to thank, with every shred of my being, everyone for the past, and the present; for being there; for all the hugs; for the late night chats; for the food; for the conspiracies; for attempting to keep me sane. Thank you. I love you all, and you have no idea how helpful you have all been in keeping me here. Also, thank you for always asking, and in answer: I Am Laughing Wild Amidst Severest Woe. And laughing my darlings, is better than crying.

And remember my dears: "in here, life is beautiful." {Cabaret}

--Celia "The Pub Kitten"  
Morally Supportive



Mimi Winick,

## Moral Support Editor

Hey, your friendly local moral support editor here, intending to take full advantage of my chance to reminisce before the summer is over! The Summer of 2000 sounds like it should somehow stand out from all my other Buck's Rock summers, and it has. My dream of becoming a batik CIT finally came true and it's been fantastic! Thank you **Marie**, especially, for being the most wonderful, talented counselor and friend for five years now (and hopefully more!!), and to **Johanna** and **Jo** for being great to work with, and just so incredibly cool. And while I'm in the shop, thank you to **Morgan** "have to Ramble On to Florida" Dack for being the coolest JC ever and a great friend. awww. And thanks to **Sara** Glaberson for finally coming to her senses! To **Sam**, I'm so glad I got to know you better this year, and thanks for everything. **Roxanne**, it's been cool working in batik and on yearbook with you! I'm also going to thank **Jamie** here because she might as well be an official part of the shop. Wow, I really wasn't going to start thank yous yet, but, oh well, I have a lot! To **Zoe** and **Celia**, the best bunkmates for two years in a row (and a random but fated year w/ Zoe in '97!). I love you guys and, yeah, I could write a page, but I'll leave that for our special inserts... **Jen**- so we never discussed Arthur... at least we tackled everything else under the sun! and I can't wait to visit you this year and we will watch *Velvet Goldmine*! **Kate**- one of the best parts of this summer was getting to know you better! I've had so much fun talking with you, serving with you, laughing with you, and we must have more music forums! **Tassie**- thank you for being a great friend and making the funniest comments when I least expect it. **Leticia**- thank you for always being happy and singing about it. **Dani**- thank you for your incredible insights and shouldn't you be going back to your bunk now? **Lauren**- thank you for a fourth summer of friendship and here's to many more! Thanks to **Barrie** and **Ally** and my other beloved **theatre CITs**, even though I didn't get to see you guys offstage nearly as much as I would have liked! And to **Gabby**, thank you for sharing in my Led Zeppelin appreciation/obsession! **Shana**- I love you! **Scott**- thank you for always being there to have fun with. **Madeline**- thanks for gossip and we are going to have the best stories at school this year! To the rest of the **CITs of 2000**, one of the coolest things about this summer was hanging out with a great group of people from tubing trips to trying very unsuccessfully to push a school bus out of the mud. Thank you **Hilison** and **Jason** and **Johanna** (again) for being great CIT counselors. I also want to give a general thank you to the **Pub Shop** for putting up with me despite my questionable affiliations with a certain visual arts shop... **Brett**- your friendship is one of my most valuable and thank you for encouraging me to work on yearbook in the first place. It's been great both years! **Nick**- I already miss you!! But we will get together and finally discuss King Arthur and I'm already looking forward to more literary e-mails. I also want to thank **Natalie** and **Jen** (again) for being fantastic editors-in-chief. You guys are amazing. Thank you to **Ivan** for letting me get involved in his History of Rock and Roll concert- it's one of the greatest experiences I've had! And thank you to **Sam** for working w/ me on it. Thank you also to **Roger** for great visits (though you know you could do better!), and for music and mix tapes. Thank you to **Erica** for her phat H&Ts. Thank you **Carol** for being a wonderful real little sister. Thanks also to this year's **batik groupies** and my sweet "little sister" **Miriam** for brightening the shop everyday. Thank you **Ernst** for creating this summer haven which has meant so much to me for so long and always will.



# ILLY DESROCHERS

"No retreat, baby, No surrender." ~Springsteen

well.. what can i say? it has been interesting working in pub again this year, writing crazy radical articles and such. in actuality, if it weren't for the Buck's Rock pub department, i may have never made it into the Hartford Academy of the Arts... thanks guys! :o) i hate writing these things because i never seem to know what to say. Bobby Dylan is the greatest lyricist! here's to Floyd's Wish You Were Here album, Brian Fairbanks - my 19 year old teacher of everything i know-bleach and blue hair dye, shiny pants, Snapple "Fire", Skittles all the same color but different flavors, Hair, driving across country, Jack Kerouac, insanity, Allen Ginsberg's Howl, Lou Reed, James Dean, buying record albums for \$2 (it's like buying a soda!), playing at toy stores, Bruce "The Boss" Springsteen, smiling, Doc Martens, Van Morrison & The Clash, supporting the individual and being anti-conformity, my town of Simsbury for making me cynical, sarcasm, raving, N'awleans, the last paragraph of "On the Road", laughing, sour gummy worms, the good version of American Pie (Don McLean) and the real version of "Can't Get No Satisfaction" (Mick Jagger), toxic bubbles, mozzarella sticks, Hunter S. Thompson, lollipops, The Velvet Underground, looking like Janis Joplin, Psychedelic Crappy Music, conversations about little kids' TV shows/governmentcommunism, the animal farm bunnies, glam, hippie blankets, freedom, peace, love.... and of course Ernst, with his library of books. my advice to all: just keep your head above the water and ride the tide to safety. even tho the sea gets rough and sometimes you will be dragged under by the crashing waves, you'll always end up on shore at some point. and all those waves that gave you problems, they will dry up and sooner or later the sun will shine thru to reveal you and you alone. it is inevitable. Always stay cool/strong/hip, and keep on rockin' in the free world!

## Tassie Hajal

Though this summer marks my fifth at Buck's Rock, I can easily say that it has been considerably different to any other summer I've ever experienced—here or anywhere else. I finally moved up from my yellow name tag to a long awaited \*pink\* one! Yay! I got to spend two whole months working at my favorite place on camp, the dance studio. Since I only have half a page to squish in all of my thank yous, I'm going to skip the rest of the mushy stuff and move on to recognizing those who have made my summer unforgettable. First: to my bYnK mates, Ten, Leticia, and Kate... I love you all so much, and I can't think of any others that I'd want to share Florin/Guido/Atlantis with more than you three (and I can't think of any who could've consoled me better about that damn tweaking smoke alarm). Ten, thanks for another summer of being a great friend, listening and comforting, for recording the trees being chopped down, looking like a ferret when I turn on the lights late at night, for being just about as big a slob as I am, and for teaching me how to make non-demented cranes. Leticia, for big ugly dogs, my sweaters and ballet slippers, your pretty pens, being a Texan who loves the rain, saying "I'll", and your theme song: "When the road is bumpy, and you're feeling grumpy..." Kate, for your pigtails, writing quotes on the wall, and for keeping me sane during the winter by being one of the coolest people at our school. Dani, for being our fifth bYnK mate, the Paxil face, woodsy stoners and 26-year-old unsuccessful businessmen—believe me, I UNDERSTAND!!! For cheez-doodles, eat-a-thons and our common love of food. Shana, "What???", and "Tassie, there's something scary going on under there!!!!" Hanna, for the red and yellow pants, "Butt, butt, butt, butt...", Maybe I'll see you at dance class this year!! Tessie, for being "SKA", joining our dance CIT group, and for making me your "co-star". Lauren, it's been FIVE summers since we've met; you've been a great friend since '96! Tamie, the other member of the "eaters club", you were awesome in the MMB. Mimi, for managing to be both a batik CIT and a pybbie at the same time. Gia for our duet and for being my "soul-mate." Mick, for looking like Eminem, and thinking I'm younger than I really am. (grrr). Drett, for letting me annoy you about checking my e-mail and for not wanting dancers in the pub shop. Scott, for lying on us on the way to the Jazz festival and for eating our peach pie. Jason and Allison for being awesome CIT counselors, getting snack every night, stargazing, and the Phillips head screw story. Dance staff 2000, Sonya, Till, Penny, Tess, and Tanine, you're all wonderful and talented people, and I have learned so much from all of you. To my brother, Micky, I really DID enjoy having you here this summer. To my parents, thank you so much for sending me to Buck's Rock year after year—you mean more to me than I could ever say. Last but most certainly not least, thank you Ernst, for being the amazing man that you are, and for giving so many of us happiness by creating Buck's Rock. PLEASE, keep in touch during the year, I will miss you all more than words can say. I love you all, have a great winter!!!

Love,



# Justin Spiegel

## Asst. Art & Layout Editor

I'm not sure what to say in this editorial. There is so much I could say, about the experiences I've had this summer and the great people I have met here. If I said everything that I've enjoyed about this summer, it would fill this entire yearbook. If I listed all the wonderful people I've met, it would at least fill up this editorial section. So I'm just going to list some of the people who made the summer wonderful: Richard Ledley, Josh Feintuch, Chris Berg, David Altabef, Joshua Treppel, Mike Wellman, David Levinson-Wilk, Mike Bendib, Nick Cheeseman, George Keveson, Dara Gruskin, Simon Frid, JoelleRe Arp-Dunham, Jose Monteiro, Louis Pearlman, Jason Zimbler, Jeffrey Paul Bobrick, Cheryl-Anne Brummer, Sam Nagourney, Jeff Greenberg, Gina Costagliola, Zoe Reiff, Sam Kusnetz, Brett Kizner, Tracy Formica, Paula Alter, Afy, Jen Langton, Ben Boas, The Entire Cast of Skin of our Teeth, The Entire Cast of 6 Characters, The Theatre Staff and Cits, Jesse Blatt, Mickey and Laura Morris, and, of course, Ernst, for bringing us this place, which like Pandora's Box, is filled with hope.

## Katherine Reilly

### Asst. Moral Support Editor

WARNING: MAY CONTAIN CHEESE- please don't puke.....

Okay. This is dangerous. They're giving me, Kat, the Queen of Dabble, half of a yearbook page to babble. Well, I guess this is generally the thank you's. First, I'd like to thank the Theatre Shoppe. If I had been cast in a second session play, I would have never signed up to be a Full Moral Support Editor. (Don't say awwwww; it's a good thing.) Second, Clown for being so understanding of me having to go to editors' meetings instead of rehearsals (Sorry Tracy and Duggy!) Plus, I'd like to thank my parents and sister, Moira (former Duck's Rocker and Moral Support Editor.) I'm thanking them because I love them. Speaking of loving people, I should start thanking friends. Okay, my friends at home. Even tho' they may never read this, I want all of you to know that I love them and I'm semi-surviving my teenage years because of them. Then, there's my best friend, Aida, whom some of you know. I've known her since I was eight and loyalty goes a long way with me. Now, the long list begins. DR people I love dearly: David Glasser. I've 'known' you since '97 and you've always been very nice to me. It wasn't until this year I realized how special you are. I love you. Ten "Rai-T" Langton. You are the sweetest, even though the occasional headbutt may make you forget your lines. Vicki. I've been there through boyfriends with you, from Fuzzy to Kelly to Chris, and I will always listen to your endless stories. (BTD.) Aaron Rabinowitz. (It's hard to be original in these things.) Well, like you said, Aaron, I'm only being more useless doing this job. :) Simon Fornari. Your hugs tell me that everything is all right always. (Petruchio) Sorry people, I'm going to stop being specific now. I love you all (in no special order except alphabetical): Aaron D., Alana M., Ally D., Beth W., Dave R., Erika D., my first session bunkmates (Marissa A., Lee F., and Pri F.), Heidi H., my house counselors (Tanya D. and Mic L.), Tamie D., Tenna T., Ton L., Tuli M., Kelly R., Leslie R., Lindsay G., Louie P., Lucky G., Matt D., Max W., Natalie W., my past bunkmates (Tanya D., Duggy, Antonia P., Erica W., Jessica T., Rosa T., Sara K. and Vicki), Sara K., my second session bunkmates (Pam F., Leah P., and Marie S.), the cast of Skin of Our Teeth (including Toelle), Stefanie D. and the cast of Taming of the Shrew (including Larry), and if I missed you, I'm sorry. I hope you know I love you because I've told you. :) Things I'd also like to thank: the circuit breaker and rubber ducky, Catholics in a Jewish camp, Oedipus Rex, Tyler Radcliffe, Melissa S. and the "Roly Roman Empire", Advanced Crisis Chica, Sniper on the Roof, the Pybbies, and of course the one and only Ernst. Well, I can't believe after 5 years at Duck's Rock, this is my first editorial. Even more unbelievable, I survived and finished it by deadline. :) I'm not sure how to end this except to say: I LOVE THIS PLACE!!!!!!!!!!!!

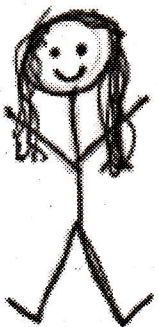
♥ Katherine  
D: 01



# Freedom

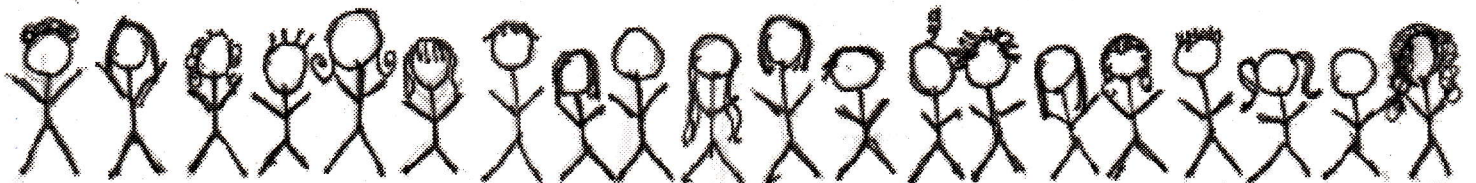
There are many things in this world that are not allowed, that are looked upon as strange. Most of them are banned. One of these things is freedom. In some countries, it is almost nonexistent, but here in America, we live in the land of the free. We are allowed to say and do what we want. There are some penalties when you break a law though. Surprisingly enough, when most people think of someone being free, they think of a person dressed in hippie clothes running through a field of flowers. Being free is more of a state of mind than an action. What I am saying is that you can work 90 hours a week and still feel you are in loose clothing in a field of flowers. But let's say that a Hungarian works 80 hours a week, he would still feel like he was in a suit walking across a crowded street. I am not saying we don't have crowded streets in America. What I am saying is that when you are in a suit walking across a crowded American street, you are really in those bellbottoms and a loose shirt running through a field of flowers. So if you are ever not feeling free, then just think you are free and you will be free.

-Sam Rogal



Hi! I'm Rachel Schragis and I'm an assistant writing editor. Welcome to my editorial! Below I have depicted all the people I wish to thank. If you ask me, I'll be glad to point out which one was specifically intended to be you. (That is, if you can't figure it out yourself.) I also must thank the cone people, the trees in front of weaving and pattern blocks, all three of which I was unable to draw. I hope all of you have a wonderful year. The most of love, and thanks for reading.

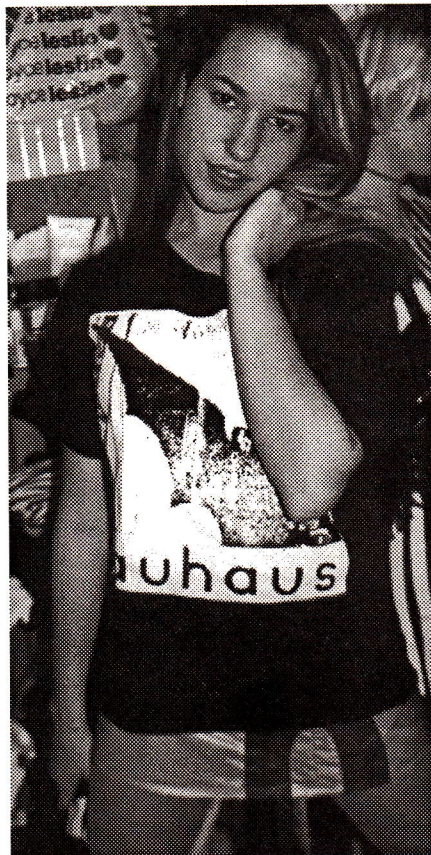
-Rachel





# DANI NEFF

Assistant Moral Support

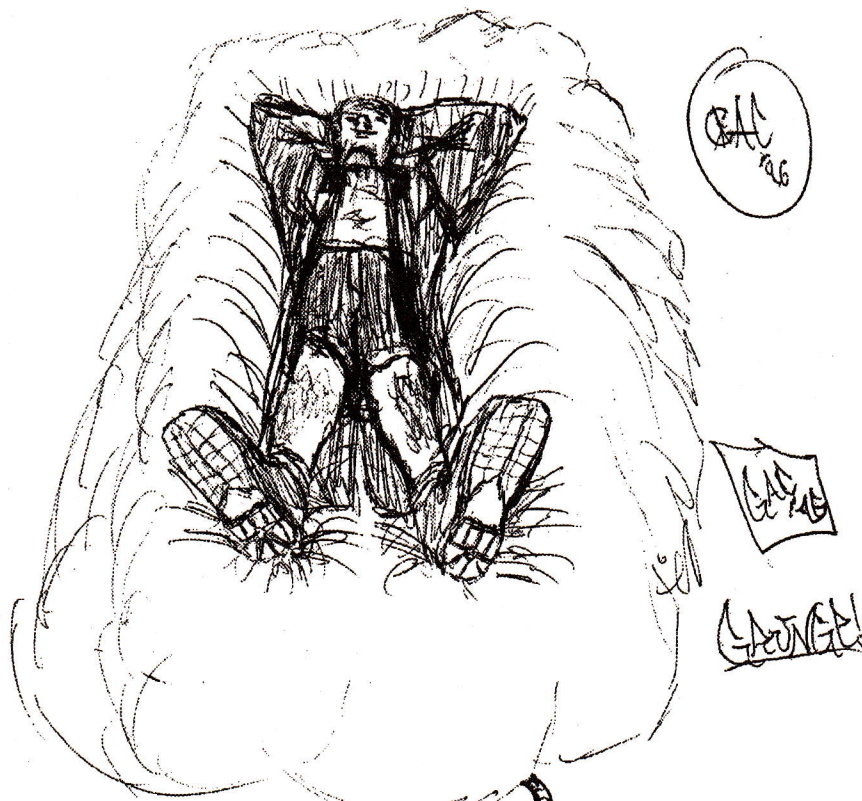


YAY!!!!!! I really am the assistant moral support editor. Yes, I know its shocking that someone like myself could land such a prestigious and important position. Anyway, now I am going to thank all of the people who made this summer especially cool. First my beautiful bunkies- **Ali**, our giddiness/flirtiness and talks of boys, **Jesse/Ska**- for teaching me how to be cool, breathing's involuntary, **Sarah**, "yo, can I get a....word", I think you cracked! **Tassie, Kate, Leticia**, and **Jen** thank you for letting me practically live in your bunk-Woodsy stoners and 26 unsuccessful business men, Paxil face,"amusing" food is oral, Kurt lives on, "I think my mom thinks I'm gay", persona vs. habitual activity and many things I am not at liberty to write. **Gabby**- our journeys and biblical swatch watches, **Shana**- Wait what? 5 days?, **Hana/Sunshine**-boys boys boys (enough said), serving, being twins, **Barry**- one of the only people who understands my strange quirks, **Celia, Mimi and Zoe**- "Shouldn't you going back to your bunk now?" **Jonah**- scaring passing cars, **Lindsay** elephant hat, knowledge, **Vicki**-kinkiness and informative lectures **Brett and Nick** for mocking my "dancerness" and for sexual entendres. The Dance staff and their affiliates, **Sonya, Jill, Penny** (Piiiiiii)**Jess, Janine, Charlie, Gia** and of course the CITs- Thankyou for your awesomeness and incredible talent and humor-I've had a lot of fun being part of your shop. **The Pub Staff**-Thankyou for letting me be a pseudo puppy. **Grunge** for just being Grunge, Travis Birkenstock, **Lauren, Jamie, and Emily**- Thankyou for being the best neighbors and letting me harass you. **Noodles**-You are Eminem, **Adam**-Yay for Cal! **Hippy Ally**- Thankyou for dying your hair and not wearin shoes-You are my hero! **Scott**- advice and handcuffs, **Gabe**-our madonna obsession **Allison** and **Jason**, SKIPPY, **Ivan**- stormy monday and good times on the porch. My family-I love you so much, thankyou for being so awesome! And Of course Ernst for creating this incredible place.

I love you all and if I forgot to include you for whatever reason remember that I love you too!!

Dani (ShanaynayX@aol.com/ 1-203-226-3732)

In the words of a brilliant man, "A celebration without noise is no celebration."





# A Multitude of Thank-Yous to our Staff...

BOB- For being head of shop and for guiding us through the insanity of the yearbook process — we can always depend on you to keep everything running.

IAN- For your witty, though sometimes ignored comments and for your aspirations of doing fifty color runs for this yearbook.

KAREN- For always being optimistic and enthusiastic, leading so many workshops, and for your wonderful advice.

EMMA- For making Star Wars popular throughout the shop, copy-editing a ridiculous amount of work, and turning production three-quarters of the way through the summer.

MARC- For your funky blue hair, sardonic sense of humor, and for the tremendous amount of time you put into this shop and this yearbook.

JON- For all the last minute yearbook backgrounds, and for your many friends in the rock garden.

CHRIS- For all your scanning, your cartoons, and for being British. Right.

BRETT- For forcing us all to do our best and for hiding in your closet so much of the time.


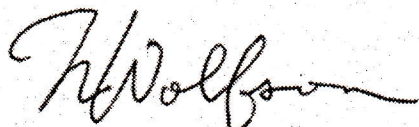
NICK- For the pink shrink-wrapped monkey, for all the nuns, and for counter-balancing Brett's bad moods.

## To Our Cits...

VICKI- For taking so many photos while still managing to be a full writing editor and for sharing with us your "inspirational" stories.

KELLY- For your cartoons and illustrations.

LAUREN- For brightening up our days, for your enthusiasm and gossip, and for talking throughout the writing workshops.



Natalie Wolfson and Jen Straus  
*Editors-in-Chief*

## To our E-n-Cs...

JEN- For being the E-n-C/Production/whatever else we made you do. You spent 50% of your time here and the other 50% of your time... umm...here.

NATALIE- For being that all important Art & Layout guru and for taking a breather here and there. We pushed you to do your best and you have.

Overall, this yearbook never would have been if it wasn't for your leadership.

-- The Pub Shop Staff



# Finale

HATE

FEAR



SIN

GREED



*“Don’t be dismayed at goodbyes.  
A farewell is necessary before you can meet again.”*

*- Richard Bach*



# Freedom of choice, Trust and Hope

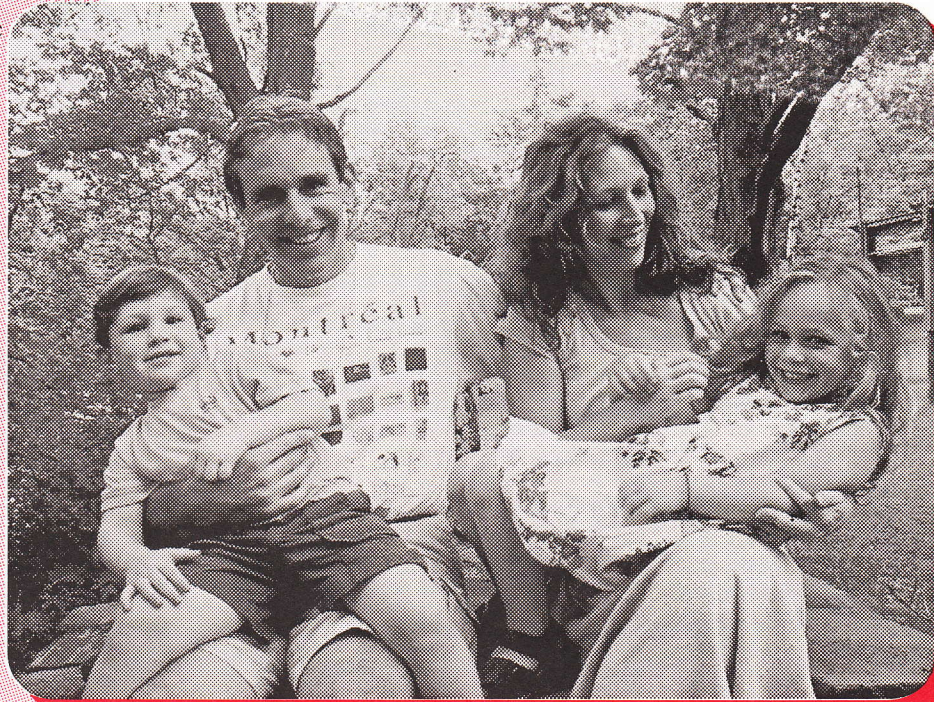
Buck's Rock, for the past 58 years, has been a safe haven for many teens (and adults), a place that has offered extraordinary opportunities, facilities, materials, and instruction in the performing and creative arts. This is a place where teenagers are free to explore new activities, feel safe to make mistakes, and confident enough to be themselves.

Once again this summer, we have witnessed triumphs and achievements that our campers have experienced and will internalize: experiences that will be monumental to their personal growth, future endeavors, aspirations and achievements throughout the rest of their lives. We have also witnessed struggles, disappointments and mistakes that will equally become valuable lessons and learning experiences.

Buck's Rock's unparalleled program has endured now for 58 years, through political, cultural, and social reforms and revolutions. Growing with the changing times, concerns, and trends, the strengths upon which the program was founded have not deviated: freedom of choice, trust and hope. Buck's Rock would not be the profound, life-changing force in the lives of teenagers and adults if these interdependent ideals and fundamental principles were not honored and protected.

With freedom of choice, teens are taught commitment and decision making and time management skills. Inevitably, they become more self confident and self-reliant. Campers are able to dedicate themselves to activities that truly appeal to them, thus allowing them to feel self-fulfilled and self-empowered.

Buck's Rock's unique freedom of choice program could not exist without the trust that is extended to our campers: trust that they will spend their time wisely and productively, that they will make good choices for themselves from among the many that are available to them, and that with the many freedoms, campers will act responsibly, enjoying their many liberties and privileges



guidelines that are in place in order to ensure their safe exploration and discovery of the arts.

Our hope is that we can continue to provide an environment where teens have the opportunity to discover themselves through the arts, taking with them values such as: responsibility, tolerance, trust, and integrity.

Without hope and trust, we would not have felt so compelled to preserve this miraculous place, to sustain it for those who call it home, for those who have found themselves, their passions, their joys, their life pursuits.

With hope and trust, we have dedicated our lives to Buck's Rock, hoping and trusting that generations to come will experience and discover here that which will forever influence them: continuing to provide a safe haven for teens to fulfill their expectations and achieve their greatest potential.

MTFBWY,

Mickey and Laura

*M + L Morris*



# Prologue in Heaven

translated from Goethe's Faust by Ernst Bulova

Archangel Gabriel

Your Presence gives the angels strength  
Since nobody can fathom You  
The indescribable high works  
Are magnificent as on the first day.

Faust's Studio

Mephistopheles appears.

Faust:

"And who are you?"

Mephistopheles:

"I am part of yonder power  
Who always wants what's bad  
And then creates what's good."

Faust:

"And what does this enigma mean?"

Mephistopheles:

"I am the Spirit who says, 'No.'  
And that is just, since all that's formed  
Should rightly to perdition go."  
And, too, I am a part of yonder past that began it all:

The total darkness that by itself gave birth to light.

The Lord appears.

Faust:

And who are you?

The Lord:

I am part of yonder power  
Who always wants what's good  
And with it creates what's bad.

Faust:

And what does this enigma mean?

The Lord:

I am the Spirit who says, "Yes."  
And that is just since all that's once created,  
Shall not perish but last in all eternity.

And, too, I am part  
Of total darkness that had been until I gave birth to light.  
Since it was I who spoke the Word  
And There was Light.



## On a personal note... Ernst Bulova

I am writing my last book. "Paralipomena," which means thoughts, lines, sentences that were omitted from articles and are now collected as a supplement in fragmentary form. The book has many chapters; some are encounters between the Father and the Son out of the Christian Trinity. One of the chapters contains the final meeting between the Father and the Son. Here it is.

The last meeting between Father and Son. The Son, restless, curious, adventurous, the Father quiet, thoughtful, a bit disturbed: "What have I wrought?"

The Son rushes in, out of breath. The Father quiet, reassuring, "Where have you been, Son? I have hardly noticed that you left. I meditated."

"Father! I visited mankind once more. I spoke once more to men, women and children. Maybe for the last time. I wanted, once more, to know what they thought of us. They shrugged their shoulders. 'When we became Homosapiens,' they said, 'When we came out of the caves or down from the trees, we really can't remember, it happened such a long time ago. And anyway, it was not us, but our ancestors, who looked at the world, became aware of how small they were, how transitory, they died soon after they were born (and that birth was a difficult procedure), how uncertain their length of stay, how unpredictable their future, they lost their nerve, haunted by doubts and uncertainty. That was their answer. And that is their answer today. It has not changed. No, it has not changed.' That was their answer and that was the answer of their ancestors. So what did they do and still do? Although with diminishing conviction. They invented us, You and me and all the others others like us. They describe us, graphically, in many forms in their Bibles, their Koran, their Thora and their Revelations, Demands and Prohibitions and Commands. All that in innumerable languages, dialects and pronunciations, French, English, Arabic, Hebraic, German, Swahili. They called on the mountains, the sea, the rivers and the land. In vain. And so they invented us to help them solve the riddles they thought they could not solve. We were born from human fears and desperation, hopes and expectations. But the people to whom I spoke were real, tangible, authentic. We are not and we never were. We are thoughts and feelings, amorphous products of human imagination, desires, longings, demands, love and weakness. We were portrayed in countless manifestations but all of them were created by human hands and minds. Paintings, Sculptures, Buildings, Churches, Temples. All that for a million years! They started to cry. I felt really sorry for them. But then, they dried their tears. They stood up. What did they do? And are still doing? They invented us and are inventing us. You and me and our equals in Heaven and on earth. We, and all the other supernatural Beings would protect and guard them and perhaps grant them life after death, compensate them for all they have suffered. However, increasingly they are filled with doubts and uncertainty. Of course, they have described us in their holy books, sometimes very graphically; Father let us retreat into their dreams as long as they are able to dream, as long as they can remember us and the self-confidence we once had given them. Yes, Father, let us abdicate, let us refuse to perform the tragedies and comedies that we were forced to stage. Let us resign. Let us leave this planet to the people who live on it, to make it as habitable as possible, through thick and thin. Let them direct their fate, form their feelings, keep their passions under control for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, in honor and in love, in loyalty and in treason. Let them learn to live without us, not to rely on the products of their imagination, their fantasy and visions. Let them become autonomous, self-reliant, declare their rights independently, make their discoveries. Let them be the captains of their ships to sail the seven seas of their blue planet. Farewell you men and women and children. It was indeed good to know you and to live with you and through you. Our good wishes be your companions, the non-existent divinities greet you. They remain what they were and what they are: the legends of Heroes and Gods, epics told by your poets. You remain what you are: Human. All-too-Human. But, Father, how strange these beings are. With their heads in the clouds, they can read what never was written, think what never was thought, believe what's unbelievable, move the immovable, deny the obvious and, finally,



Buck's Rock  
**REUNION!!!**

Sunday December 10th

2:00 - 4:30 p.m.

Come and see all your friends from  
camp. We'll watch the  
memories video, eat yummy food,  
and just hang out!

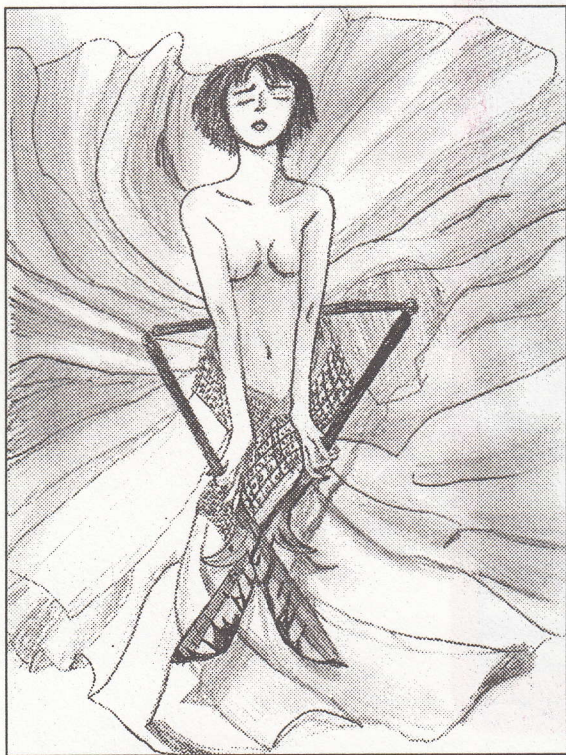


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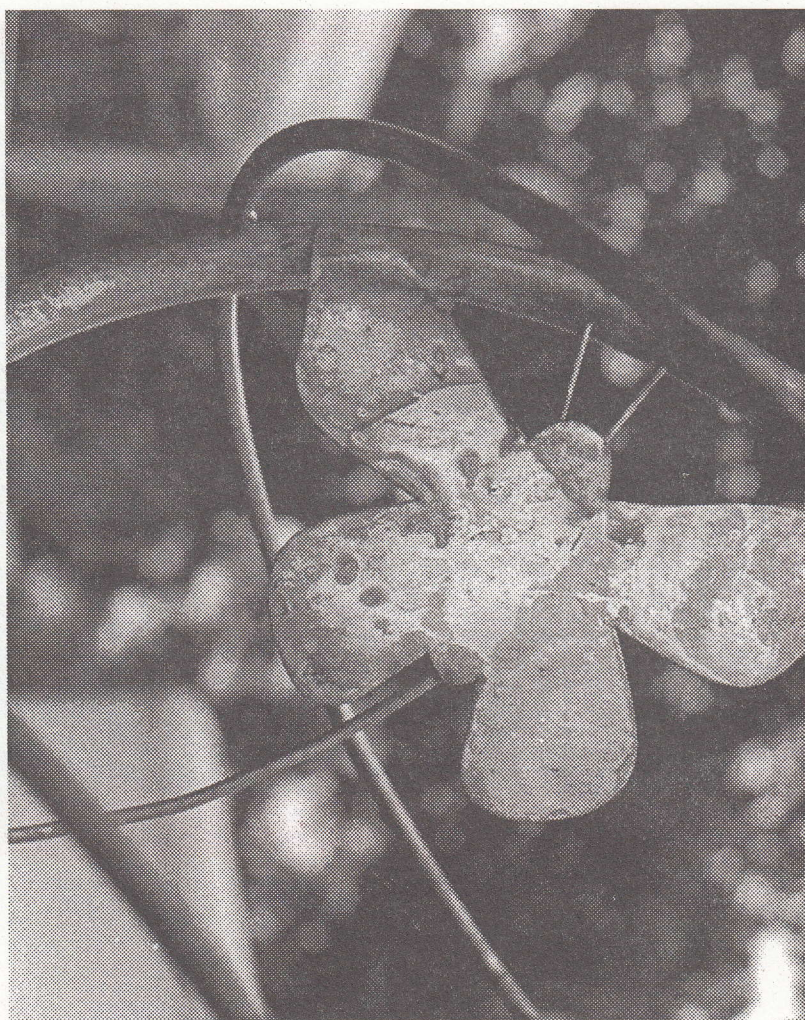


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